WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1807.

Biographical Sketch of VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH.

(With a Portrait.)

THE lovely original of the portrait which we now preſent to our readers, is with juſtice conſidered as one of the moſt beautiful and elegant females whom our empire boaſts. She is the youngeſt daughter of the right hon. John Hobart, late earl of Buckinghamſhire, the ſecond who bore that title. On the 9th June, 1794, ſhe married the right hon. Robert Stewart, viſcount Caſtlereagh, eldeſt ſon of the earl earl of Londonderry, and one of his majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate, a young nobleman of conſummate abilities and acknowledged merit.

To the advantages of high birth, lady Caſtlereagh has added thoſe polite accompliſhments which reflect luſtre on the moſt diſtinguiſhed beauty, and give a more ſolid ground for admiration than merely the 'tincture of the ſkin,' or a ſet of ſymmetrical features. The eye muſt be illuminated with intelligence to preſerve long its powers of faſcination, and the moſt 'rubious' lips will be diſregarded, unleſs the words they utter are pregnant with ſenſe, and dictated by judgment.

In the brilliant *coterie* of faſhion, lady Caſtlereagh has long ſhone; of faſhion ſuperintended by virtue, and guided by reaſon. We do not find her making *parties* to do honour to a *battered proſtitute*; or cringing at the table of an harlot, merely becauſe her paramour is of royal blood. There are but too many even of thoſe who pretend to have a regard for their character, who ſubmit to this degradation, and diſgrace their birth, and ſully their reputation, by courting the company of thoſe whom our high-ſouled anceſtors would formerly have regarded with deteſtation, and expelled with ignomy. Fortunately, however, we ſtill retain among us thoſe whoſe chriſtian principles teach them to deſpiſe profligacy; and who are perſuaded that rank cannot turn *vice* into *virtue*, nor ſanction as *meritorious* a crime which the laws both of God and man have branded with infamy.

Account of the late Dreadful Storm. Nov. 19, 1807. (Accompanied with a deſcriptive Plate.)

We believe that we have obtained as accurate an account as can yet be procured of the number of lives loſt on Thurſday night in Dublin bay. It is not eaſy to aſcertain preciſely thoſe who did or did not ſail in any of the veſſels which left Dublin on Wedneſday, except thoſe who embarked in the Prince of Wales. The two ſoldiers of the 18th, who eſcaped, have enabled us to ſpecify the paſſengers in that ſhip.—The Rochdale and Lark went out the ſame tide; the former, there is too much reaſon to fear, is totally loſt: the Lark, we have the ſatisfaction to learn, reached Holyhead in ſafety on Friday morning; and it was yeſterday reported that major Gormocan, his wife and ſiſter, who were thought to have embarked in the Rochdale, have been ſaved by taking their paſſage in the Lark.

Of the following officers, with their recruiting parties, and the volunteers under their command, we fear that no hope can be entertained:—

Lieut. Maclean, of the 18th foot, with his party and 61 volunteers from the South Mayo—Total 74.—All loſt but two privates.

Capt. Gregory, 32d foot, and 5 ſoldiers, his whole party.

Lieut. Foley, 58th foot, and party, with 11 volunteers for the 67th regt.—Total 13.

A ſerjeant and 7 of the 25th regt,—Total 8.

Of the following there are very ſlender hopes:

Lieut. Killikelly, 32d foot.—This gentleman is ſaid to have gone to Holyhead.

Enſign Beavan, 10th foot, and party—Total 5.

Enſign Baggot, 85th foot, and party—Total 3.

Enſign Kidd, 85th foot, and party—Total 4.

Lieut. Wafey, 2d foot, and party—Total 5.

Lieut. Brown, 62d foot, and party—Total 5.

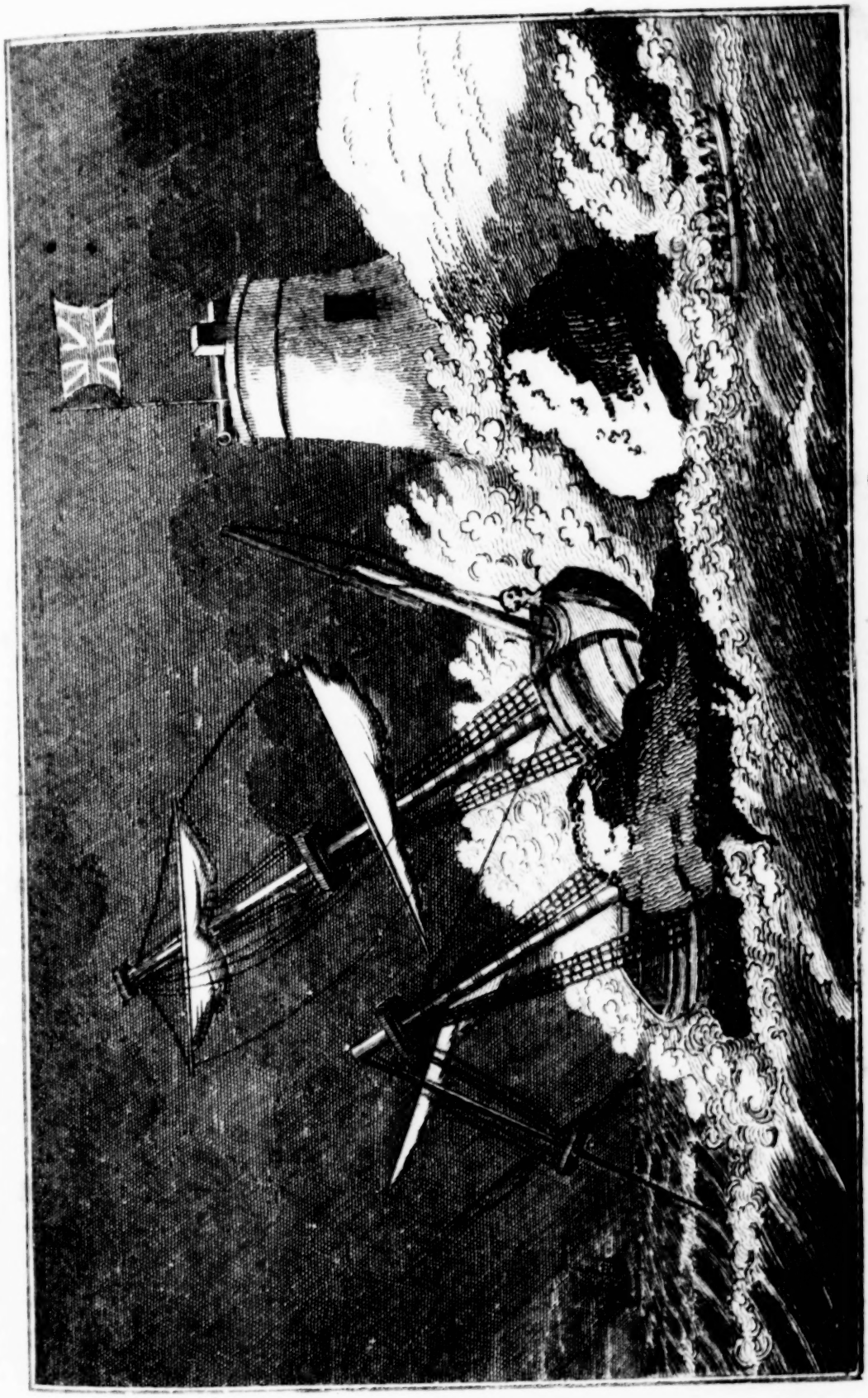
The whole military loſs is ſuppoſed to be about 120 officers and privates.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

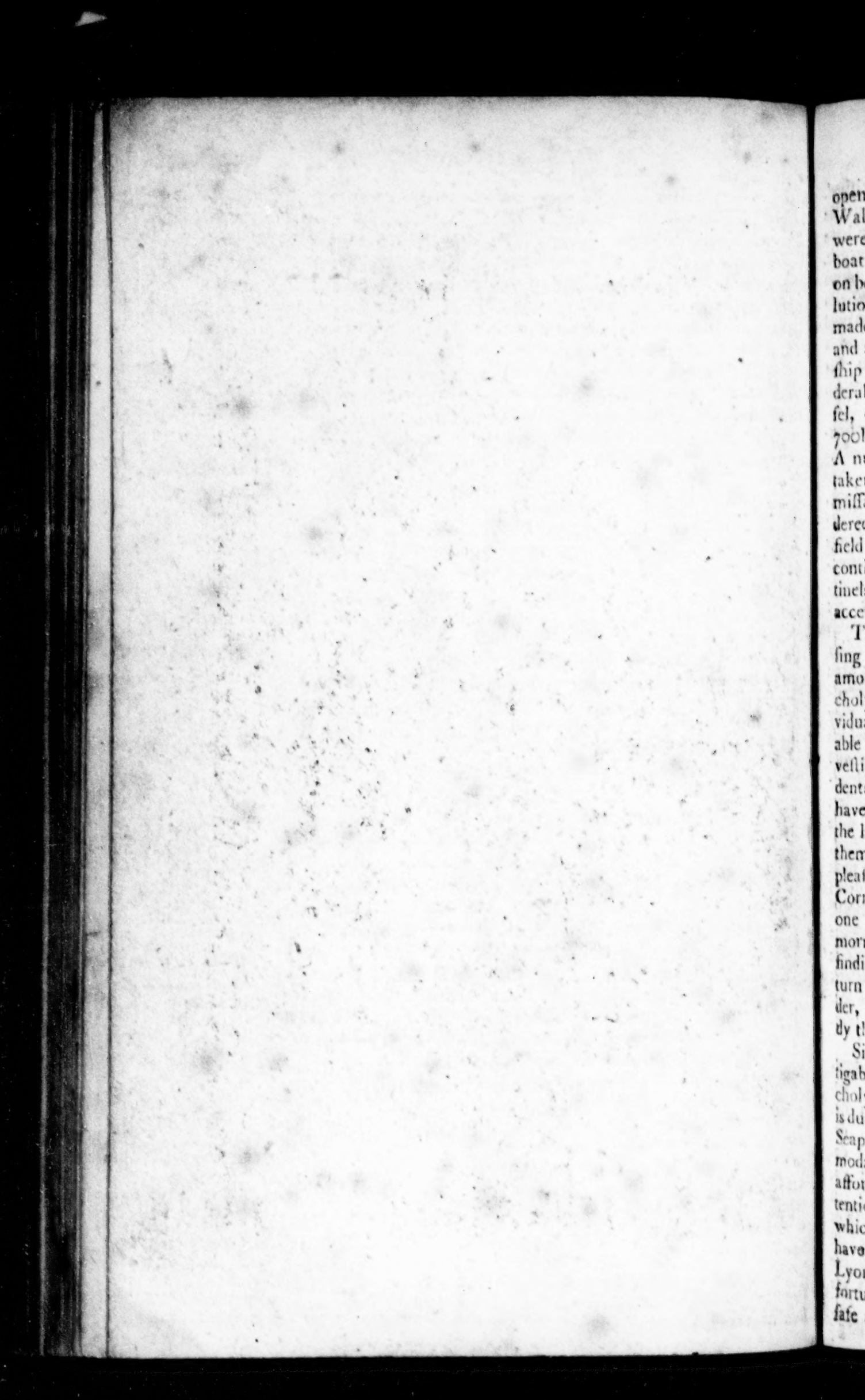
We again turn our attention to one of the moſt afflicting and tremendous events which this, or perhaps any other country has to record, the fatal ſtorm on Thurſday night.—The entire of Sunday was occupied in taking the bodies of the victims from the Rochdale tranſport. They are, for the moſt part, in a dreadful ſtate of mutilation, there is ſcarce a body that has not received more or leſs injury. The ſituation of this ſhip is moſt ſingular, the niceſt pilotage could not have laid her more exactly alongſide of the rock on which the Martello tower ſtands, to which ſhe lies ſo cloſe, that a twelve foot plank extends from the ſhore to her quarter, and there can be little doubt that if the unfortunate ſufferers knew their ſituation, but the greater part of them would have been ſaved. Indeed the ſame may be remarked of the Prince of Wales, from which a boat and a number of perſons eſcaped; but the fact was, that neither the perſons on board of her, or the Rochdale, knew where they were, as they had not ſeen land from the preceding day. The former veſſel lies about 300 yards from the ſhore, not at Dunleary point, but nearly oppoſite the Rock town. Part of the upper works were viſible on Sunday at high water. The ſufferers are all on board, and immediate meaſures are about to be adopted to get them out.

A report has been circulated that the hatches of this veſſel were faſtened down when ſhe ſunk, the coroners went along ſide yeſterday, and aſcertained that the hatches were all

open.



Loss of the Prince of Wales Packet



open. The ſteward of the Prince of Wales' wife, and her infant child, were among thoſe perceived in the boat. She aſſerts, that the officers on board manifeſted the greateſt reſolution, and that on a propoſal being made to take to the boat, they, one and all, ſaid they would ſtick to the ſhip till the laſt moment. A conſiderable property is on board this veſſel, one officer is ſaid to have had 700l. and another a quantity of gold. A number of bodies were yeſterday taken from the wreck, on the commiſſariat cars, which have been ordered to aſſiſt in their removal. A field officer's guard of 100 men is continued at Seapoint houſe, and centinels are thickly poſted to prevent all acceſs to the wreck.

The ſympathy which this diſtreſſing event has excited, particularly among thoſe reſiding near the melancholy ſcene, is as honourable to individual feeling, as it has been ſerviceable in granting every facility for inveſtigation and enquiry. The reſidents at Seapoint-houſe, particularly, have extended every aſſiſtance which the locality of their ſituation enabled them to offer. Among thoſe we take pleaſure in recording the name of mr. Corry, of the Linen-hall, who was one of the firſt perſons on Friday morning, who diſcovered the wreck; finding the country people likely to turn their attention to objects of plunder, he offered a guinea for each body they might convey to the ſhore.

Sir Charles Aſgill has been indefatigable in his exertions on this melancholy occaſion, and the higheſt praiſe is due to mr. Jones, the proprietor of Seapoint houſe, for the ready accommodation which he has cheerfully afforded, and for his unwearied attention to facilitate thoſe exertions which this moſt dreadful cataſtrophe have rendered neceſſary. Colonel Lyon of the 97th regiment, had moſt fortunately not embarked, and is now ſafe at Black Rock.

We have juſt heard that the Lark, for whoſe ſafety conſiderable anxiety has for the laſt three days prevailed, is ſafe at Holyhead. The following tranſports are alſo in ſafety at the ſame place:—The Lively, the Young, the James, the Britannia, and the George and Anne. The Lark and Shaw were ſeen four leagues to leeward of Holyhead, ſince the gale of Thurſday.

We are alſo happy to ſtate, that major and mrs. O'Gormocan are not loſt; as that aſſertion was, in conſequence of a trunk of major O'Gormocan's being found in the wreck of the Rochdale.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

On Wedneſday morning two large tranſports, and the Prince of Wales, capt. Edwards, ſailed from our harbour, having on board for the 97th regiment, a number of volunteers from the South Cork and South Mayo regiments of militia. On Thurſday morning they were perceived working about the bay, and endeavouring to ſtand into the harbour, when the heavieſt fall of ſleet and ſnow perhaps ever remembered, ſet in, prematurely, that eventful day. to the hapleſs and unfortunate paſſengers. As the evening came, on the gale increaſed, and ſeveral ſignals were fired from the veſſels in the offing, but the ſtate of the weather was tremendous, and no poſſible aſſiſtance from the ſhore could be afforded. The firſt misfortune, it appears, happened to the Prince of Wales, which about 11 at night, ſtruck on the rocks near Sea-point boarding houſe, and went to the bottom with *one hundred and twenty* ſouls on board, moſtly recruits for the 18th regiment, in the care of lieutenant M'Clean of that corps, who ſhared the melancholy fate of his brother ſoldiers. The captain, it is ſaid, ſome of the crew, and two officers, have been preſerved, by taking to the boat

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the inſtant ſhe ſtruck, which was on the point immediately oppoſite ſir John Lees's houſe at Sea-point.

The ſecond in this melancholy liſt, appears to have been the Rochdale tranſport, of Liverpool, on board of which, we believe, was the ſtaff of the 97th regiment. Though ſhe had been obſerved in the offing as late on Thurſday evening as the thickneſs of the weather ſuffered her to be ſeen, no anticipation of her unfortunate fate appears to have excited more than uſual apprehenſion; but Friday morning exhibited her alongſide the tower a complete wreck, her bottom bilged, and the ſea making a free paſſage over her, On board of this illfated veſſel, we regret to ſtate, there were no leſs than *two hundred and ſixty five* (ſome accounts add two more) all of whom were ſwallowed up by the mercileſs element. The embarkation return is, we underſtand, as follows, viz.—

1 Major, 2 lieutenants, 1 enſign, 8 Serjeants, 9 corporals, 173 rank and file, 44 women, and 29 children! not one individual of whom have eſcaped. Among the officers loſt, we have to lament major Gormocan, lieuts. Long and Power, and enſign Wav.—Mrs. Gormocan, a beautiful and intereſting woman, it is ſaid, was alſo on board and ſhared the fate of her beloved huſband.

The ſhores in the neighbourhood of Seapoint houſe preſent a ſcene of the moſt horrid and appalling kind—human bodies of both ſexes, from mature age to infancy! The bodies of major Gormocan and his lady, we have been informed, have been waſhed on ſhore.

The broken fragments of trunks, wearing apparel, arms, proviſions, naval wreck, &c. &c. which accompany them, form altogether, perhaps as dreadful a ſcene as ever has been contemplated by human nature.

A collier, on the ſame night, went down between Dunleary and the South Bull, and every ſoul periſhed. A trader belonging to a reputable broker of this city is alſo ſaid to have encountered a ſimilar misfortune, which has been no leſs fatal; and we are ſorry to ſtate that there is too much reaſon to fear that a Liverpool packet has met the ſame fate, as a veſſel anſwering her deſcription has been ſeen off Bray, with her bottom uppermoſt.

The following additional particulars have been juſt communicated to us:

On Wedneſday, about two o'clock, the Prince of Wales packet, of Parkgate, ſailed from the pigeon houſe for Liverpool, with nine cabin paſſengers, officers, and about 180 men. On Thurſday they got about ſix leagues off, when the ſtorm, which aroſe on the night of Wedneſday forced them back, when at the Man of War Roads they caſt all their anchors, which had no effect; they then ſpoke the Rochdale which ſailed in company with them, and about five o'clock on Thurſday evening the crew conſiſting of the maſter, whoſe name is Robert Jones, nine ſeamen, two ſoldiers, two ſailors, paſſengers, a woman and child, took to the long boat, when the veſſel ſtruck off ſir John Lees's at the Black Rock. The people who took to the boat, we are happy to hear, got ſafe to a mr. St. George's in the Black Rock, whoſe concerns reach the ſea. The following are amongſt the officers loſt in this packet:—

Capt. Fitzgerald of the	6th regt. foot.
Capt. Gregory,	32d do.
Enſign Bevan,	10th do.
Lieut. Jas. Foley,	58th do.
Lieut. Killikelly,	3d do.
Lieut. M'Clean,	18th do.

There are above 50 bodies driven on ſhore—one officer of the 97th is amongſt the number found; the hull of the Rochdale is clearing out, where the principal number of bodies are lying in a moſt mangled ſtate.

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A large guard of military are ſtationed along the coaſt to protect the bodies, property, &c. driven on ſhore.

There were alſo near twenty officers of different regiments who had been in Ireland receiving volunteers from the militia, on board the Rochdale, whoſe names do not appear.

The foregoing detail in the groſs, is rather correct, and has in a great meaſure been corroborated by the teſtimony of captain Edwards himſelf, before the inqueſt. From his evidence we ſhall extract the particulars which we are now about to lay before the reader:

Captain Edwards relates, that having arrived oppoſite Bray Head, the ſea began to ſwell and the wind to blow a hurricane—that he threw all his anchors out, but that his ſhip dragged them impetuouſly along—that ſhe drove without a rag of ſail before the wind towards Dunleary point—that he expected every moment to be daſhed (againſt the rocks that ſurround that dangerous coaſt,) to pieces—that he repeatedly told the officers of their danger—that ſhe ſtruck about ſix or ſeven o'clock in ſix feet water. We ſhall not harrow up the feelings of our readers by repeating an account of a ſcene which the ſhore preſented on the following morning.

On Friday morning an inqueſt was held on ſuch of the bodies as were waſhed on ſhore. The coroner, mr. Moſs, deputed four gentlemen as a committee to go on board the wreck, for the purpoſe of examining whether the hatches were nailed down. Theſe gentlemen, whoſe names, we underſtand, are meſſrs. Geoghegan, Murphy, Andrews and Sexton, corroborated the captain's teſtimony, by declaring that the hatches were not nailed down.

The Lark has not yet been heard of; it is therefore hoped ſhe may have weathered the fury of the ſtorm, and that ſome of the gentlemen mentioned in the foregoing liſt may be on board. The reaſon that captain Edwards aſſigns for not being able to give an accurate account of thoſe who ſailed on board his ſhip, is, that he is not in the habit of taking the names of the paſſengers until in ſight of the Britiſh coaſt.

The recruiting papers of captain Gregory were found. Thoſe of lieut. Foley were alſo diſcovered on the beach. Little hopes are therefore entertained that theſe two gentlemen were among the number of thoſe who were on board the Lark.

It is hoped that lieuts. Waſey, Maclaughlin, and Kidd, took their paſſage in that tranſport; but nothing certain can be advanced on the ſubject.

The coroner's inqueſt ſtill continues ſitting.

The poor ſufferers were burying the entire of Saturday, and Sunday in Monkſtown church yard.

Since the preceding account was written, we have heard that the Lark has alſo ſhared the fate of the other tranſports.

The Repentant Prodigal; or, the ill-fated Edward P.

A tale founded upon fact, and proving the evils which ariſe from the relaxed ſyſtem adopted by maſters towards the young men who are placed under their protection as pupils or clerks, in a letter to the editor, by the father of the unfortunate Edward.

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH the misfortunes which peculiarly affect an individual, cannot equally touch thoſe who are unacquainted with their weight, yet, as the wiſe diſpoſer of all events, has implanted ſympathetic emotions in the minds of his creatures, I flatter myſelf many of your readers will commiſerate

commiſerate my fate, and deplore the exiſtence of thoſe evils to which I aſcribe the loſs of a beloved child.

Yet it is not merely, ſir, for the purpoſe of exciting ſympathy that I addreſs you; for though it may aſſuage for a moment, it cannot cure a mental diſeaſe; and I am induced to relate my tale of ſorrow, from the hope that the recital of it may be beneficial to mankind. As human nature, mr. editor, is allowed to be liable to imperfection, we muſt expect to ſee a double portion of it attached to an early period of life, and many more allowances ought to be made for the failings of the young and inexperienced, than thoſe who have reached manhood's improving years. The impetuous paſſions of youth will naturally obtain an aſcendency over their judgment, unleſs reſtrained and controlled by ſome directing hand; and to the relaxed diſcipline of maſters over their pupils or apprentices, do I attribute the decay of virtue, and the increaſe of vice.

It has been aſſerted, that an alteration takes place in every man's ſentiments within a ſpace of ſeven years; but I will venture to aſſert, that a greater change has occurred in the manners of ſociety within the laſt five-and-twenty than ever happened within a century before.——The merchant is no longer a man of buſineſs: it is true, a few hours in the day may be ſpent at his counting houſe; but to reſide upon the ſpot where that buſineſs is tranſacted, would be degrading, and therefore his family-manſion muſt be at the weſt end of the town. The humble mechanic, and the active tradeſman, muſt likewiſe have their country ſeats, to which they retire every evening, leaving their apprentices at liberty to purſue what occupations they pleaſe.

To outvie each other in expenſive pleaſures, and to imitate the conduct of the great, appears to me to be an unfortunate mania which has ſeized the public mind. I believe, mr. editor, this is termed the age of refinement, and God knows, common ſenſe ſeems to be refined and frittered away; for the love of ſhow and parade ſo completely pervades all claſſes of ſociety, that we can no longer diſcriminate a nobleman from his tailor, or a miſtreſs from her maid. But as facts ſpeak more forcibly than declamation, and as I wiſh the misfortunes under which I am labouring to prove beneficial to mankind, I ſhall give you a fair ſtatement of the ſource from whence they ariſe.

Allow me then, mr. editor, to inform you, that I am what the world denominates an independent gentleman, or, in other words, poſſeſs an eſtate of fifteen hundred a year. As this eſtate, however, is an entailed one, it of courſe devolves to my eldeſt ſon: it therefore became neceſſary that my younger ones ſhould be placed in ſituations to ſhift for themſelves. My ſecond, a youth of peculiar engaging manners, and on that account univerſally beloved, at the age of ſixteen expreſſed an inclination to be eſtabliſhed in a mercantile houſe. This ſelection was no leſs pleaſing to his mother than myſelf, as, for the two preceding years, we had been apprehenſive of his going into a decline: and we knew his conſtitution was not calculated to bear exertion or fatigue. As, during the early part of my life, I had been in the habit of intimacy with a gentleman who then reſided at Liverpool, (but who had entered into partnerſhip with a near relation in town), I inſtantly reſolved to place my ſon under his protection, having received the moſt decided proofs of the goodneſs of his heart. In conſequence of this determination, I renewed a correſpondence, which different occupations alone had induced me to drop, and every thing was arranged between us which reſpected the future eſtabliſhment of my ſon.

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The intended protector of my Edward, (whom I shall distinguish by the name of Norway), upon my quitting Liverpool, was a plain, though gentleman like man, and whilst he attended to neatness in his appearance, was too much occupied by business to devote much time to dress. Judge then, mr. editor, of my astonishment upon my arrival at your gay metropolis, at perceiving this man of business converted into a modern beau; in short, so striking was the change in his manners, as well as appearance, that I could scarce recognize the friend of my youth. His house bore a greater resemblance to a palace, than the abode of a man in trade. And his wife!——but here curiosity must be suspended, as description I am persuaded must fail.

This accomplished fair one, whom I could not behold without astonishment, was one of the finest compositions the hand of art could frame; and what rendered her affected airs completely disgusting, she was one of the plainest women I had ever seen. Fortune, however, I understood, had compensated for the want of personal attractions; and though she had not beauty, she had youth on her side, as there must have been five-and-twenty years difference in the age of mr. Norway and his wife.

It was impossible, mr. editor, for me to avoid drawing a comparison between my friend's first and second wife; and sincerely did I regret the death of an amiable woman, who I knew would have supplied the place of a mother to my boy. This regret was diminished by being informed by mr. Norway, that not any of his clerks resided in his house, as the lady president was too much refined in her ideas to condescend to associate with the young men placed under her husband's care; and though by this unexpected civilization of manners a very heavy expence was incurred, yet I flattered myself with the hope of finding some worthy family with whom my son might board.

Having been informed that the curate of the parish received a few boarders, I waited upon him for the purpose of securing a respectable asylum for my boy, who, at this period, had just entered his seventeenth year, and of course required a monitor to direct his conduct, as much as a master to instruct him in the line of business from which he was to derive a future support. In mr. Babbington, (which was the name of this respectable clergyman), I found a man completely calculated for the important trust which I reposed. He had recently lost an only son about the age of my Edward, and he fancied he discovered a strong resemblance between the youths. This real, or imaginary likeness, was productive of a desirable effect, for it excited in the breast of the worthy pastor an interest beyond what he could otherwise have felt, and gave an affectionate solicitude to his manners, which could not fail making an impression upon an ingenuous mind.

I considered myself peculiarly fortunate in having unexpectedly insured such a protector for my son; for I easily discovered that mr. Norway paid not the slightest attention to the morals of his clerks; all he required of them was a punctual attendance at the office, and when the hours devoted to business terminated, they were uncontrolled masters both of their actions and time.

Having paid the premium, and signed my son's indentures, I took leave of him with a heavy heart; a foreboding melancholy overwhelmed my spirits, for which I found it impossible to account, as I had never discovered the slightest propensity to vicious conduct in the mind of my boy. Mr. B—— and myself entered into a regular correspondence; and, during the space of six months, his letters afforded me inexpressible delight,

light, which, mr. editor, you will eaſily imagine, when I tell you, they were filled with eulogiums on my ſon. At the expiration of this time our intercourſe became leſs frequent, and inſtead of my ſon's good conduct becoming the ſubject of our correſpondence, the worthy man's letters were chiefly filled with the common politics of the day, a circumſtance which could not fail exciting apprehenſion in an anxious parent's mind, and I implored him to aſſign a reaſon for his alteration of ſtyle. With all the delicacy of genuine ſympathy he then informed me, that the conduct of my ſon had undergone a total change, and inſtead of enjoying domeſtic ſociety, they never even ſaw him but at meals. To palliate as much as poſſible this direliction from propriety, the worthy man drew a picture of the various temptations to which youth is expoſed, where no reſtriction is laid upon the actions, and where he was led into the practice of vice by the example of the other clerks.

Parental fears augmented the danger to which I ſaw my Edward expoſed; and in the fullneſs of my heart I diſpatched a letter to mr. Norway, accuſing him of not doing juſtice to my ſon, and pointing out the duties of a maſter in the ſtrongeſt terms. By the return of poſt I received an anſwer, condemning the conduct of mr. Babbington as illiberal and ſevere, and aſſuring me that Edward was an actual pattern for all the young men under his care. He repreſented the worthy curate as a rank methodiſt, who viewed every little recreation as an heinous crime, and who rendered his houſe ſo completely diſagreeable, that it was impoſſible for any young man to ſpend his time in it by choice; and he concluded the letter by recommending an immediate removal of my ſon. This fatal epiſtle was accompanied by a ſimilar one from my boy, who deſcribed the rigid ſanctity of mr. Babbington's manners in the moſt pointed terms, and imploring me, if I valued his happineſs, to conſent to his boarding in a family with his fellow clerks.

That mr. Babbington was rather rigid in his opinions, I had diſcovered during my ſhort reſidence in town; yet a peculiar ſweetneſs of temper had appeared to ſoften all his actions, and make him kindly overlook a fellow-creature's faults. Our acquaintance, however, had been ſhort, and I might have miſtaken his character. Affection prompted me to rely upon the aſſertions of my ſon; and my full heart was relieved by the idea that mr. Babbington's accuſations were falſe. I therefore wrote a polite, though diſtant ſtyle of letter, the purport of which was to ſay, that as Edward and he could not live upon amicable terms, I thought it would be for the accommodation of both parties that a ſeparation ſhould take place, and in a fatal moment conſented to my ſon's boarding in the family mr. Norway had named.

With ſhame, mr. editor, do I acknowledge my ingratitude to the only being who took the ſlighteſt intereſt in the fate of my deluded boy, and who, but for my own infatuation, might probably have preſerved both his honour and his life! Yet let me not anticipate the cloſe of my melancholy narration, which I will endeavour to purſue in a methodical ſtyle, though the combined ſenſations of remorſe and ſorrow render it a painful taſk.

Allow me then to ſay, that from the earlieſt days of childhood, I endeavoured to impreſs a high ſenſe of honour upon the minds of thoſe to whom I had given birth, and taught them to conſider few things ſo diſgraceful as contracting debts beyond what their ſtated allowance could afford.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Night

A Night Walk in June. By J. M. L.

'Night! 'tis thy gloom that bids the boſom glow,
And teaches man his inmoſt ſoul to know.'
Author's Manuſcript Poems.

TRULY may it be ſaid, that night is peculiarly ſuited to open to man's view the ſecret receſſes of his own boſom: no buſineſs that day might offer to interfere with his thoughts; no ſolar light to diſpel the guilty fears that may haunt his mind; ſilence and ſolitude his only companions; he feels the ſuperior influence of mind over matter, while conſcience reads to him, in an audible voice, the hiſtory of 'the days that are gone:' while theſe are its occupations, night will make the good man's breaſt glow with happineſs, and bid the ſinner tremble; but to the miſerable being night is ever welcome.

'The tranquilliſing ſtillneſs of its reign,
The balmy-breathing zephyr's ſoften'd breath,
Are dear to him who ſeeks with penſive pain
The murky manſions of the tyrant, death:
Who goes to ſhed the ſweetly ſoothing tear,
To heave the ſoft and ſoul-reſponding ſigh,
Where lies in duſt the form ſo late held dear,
Where ſleeps in death fair beauty's once-bright eye.'
Author's Manuſcript Poems.

Night is the time, and ever has been, for awful ceremonies: I am led to make this obſervation by the forcibly-pathetic, yet ſimple ſtatement in Bloomfield's poem of 'Good Tidings,' of the death and interment of his father, who fell a victim to that once terrific ſcourge, the ſmall-pox: the infant mentioned in the quotation was himſelf; and the terror that was formerly occaſioned by the appearance of the ſmall-pox in a country village I know to be truly deſcribed.

'There dwelt, beſide a brook that creeps along
Midſt infant hills and meads unknown to ſong,
One to whom poverty and faith were giv'n,
Calm village ſilence, and the hope of heav'n:
Alone ſhe dwelt; and while each morn brought peace,
And health was ſmiling on her years increaſe,
Sudden and fearful, ruſhing through her frame,
Unuſual pains and feveriſh ſymptoms came.
Then, when debilitated, faint, and poor,
How ſweet to hear a footſtep at her door!
To ſee a neighbour watch life's ſilent ſand,
To hear the ſigh, and feel the helping hand!
Soon woe o'erſpread the interdicted ground,
And conſternation ſeiz'd the hamlets round;
Uproſe the peſt—its widow'd victim died;
And foul contagion ſpread on ev'ry ſide:
The helping neighbour, for her kind regard,
Bore home *that* dreadful tribute of reward,
Home, where ſix children, yielding to its pow'r,
Gave hope and patience a moſt trying hour;
One at her breaſt ſtill drew the living ſtream,
And ſenſe of danger never marr'd his dream;
Yet all exclaim'd and with a pitying eye,
'Whoe'er ſurvives the ſhock, *that child will die!*
But vain the fiat,—Heav'n reſtor'd them all,
And deſtin'd one of riper years to fall.
Midnight beheld the cloſe of all his pain;
His grave was clos'd when midnight came again;
No bell was heard to toll, no funeral pray'r,
No kindred bow'd, no wife, no children there;
Its horrid nature could inſpire a dread,
That cut the bonds of cuſtom like a thread.
The humble church-tow'r higher ſeem'd to ſhew,
Illumin'd by their trembling light below;
The ſolemn night-breeze ſtruck each ſhivering cheek;
Religious reverence forbade to ſpeak:
The ſtarting ſexton his ſhort ſorrow chid,
When the earth murmur'd on the coffin lid;
And falling bones, and ſighs of holy dread,
Sounded a requiem to the ſilent dead!'

The ſun had ſet a few minutes when I commenced my preſent walk,

and the weſt was yet vividly tinged with his departing light.

'A beam of tranquillity ſmil'd in the weſt,
The ſtorms of the morning purſued me no more,
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of reſt,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its paſſions were ſleeping, were mute as the dead;
And the ſpirit becalm'd but remember'd their pow'r,
As the bloſſom the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleaſure alone
My heart ever granted a wiſh or a ſigh;
When the ſaddeſt emotion my boſom had known
Was pity for thoſe who were wiſer than I!

I felt, how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loſes its heavenly ray;
How ſoon, in the laviſhing cup of deſire,
The pearl of the ſoul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleaſure no more might its purity dim;
And that ſullied but little, or brightly the fame,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him.

The thought was extatic! I felt as if heav'n
Had already the wreath of eternity ſhown;
As if, paſſion all chaſten'd and error forgiv'n,
My heart had begun to be purely its own.

I look'd on the weſt, and the beautiful ſky
Which morning had clouded was clouded no more;
'Oh! thus,' I exclaimed, 'can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the ſoul that was darken'd before!'

Moore.

Fragrance floated on every breath of air: for every flower, and every bloſſomed buſh, were now in full perfection, and each contributed its ſhare of ſweetneſs to the ever paſſing zephyr. It was juſt ſuch a night as Hurdis had in view, when, in his poem of 'The Village Curate,' he invites Alconar to

'Deſcend into the valley, and enjoy
The ſober peace of the ſtill ſummer's eve.
We have no bluſh to loſe; our freckled cheek
The ſun not bliſters, nor the night dew blaſts.
Such is the time the muſing poet loves;
Now vigorous imagination teems,
And, warm with meditation, brings to birth
Her admirable thought. I love to hear
The ſilent rook to the high wood make way
With ruſtling wing; to mark the wanton mouſe,
And ſee him gambol round the primroſe head,
'Till the ſtill owl comes ſmoothly ſailing forth,
And with a ſhrill *too-whit* breaks off his dance,
And ſends him ſcouring home; to hear the cur
Of the night-loving partridge, or the ſwell
Of the deep curfew from afar. And now
It pleaſes me to mark the hooting owl,
Perch'd on the naked hop-pole; to attend
The diſtant cataract, or farmer's cur
That bays the northern light or riſing moon.
And now I ſteal along the woody lane,
To hear thy ſong ſo various, gentle bird,
Sweet queen of night, tranſporting Philomela!
I name thee not to give my feeble line
A grace elſe wanted; for I love thy ſong,
And often have I ſtood to hear it ſung,
When the clear moon, with Cytherian ſmile,
Emerging from an eaſtern cloud, has ſhot
A look of pure benevolence and joy
Into the heart of night. Yes, I have ſtood
And mark'd thy varied note, and frequent pauſe,
Thy briſk and melancholy mood, with ſoul
Sincerely pleas'd. And oh! methought, no note
Can equal thine, ſweet bird, of all that ſing
How eaſily the chief! Yet have I heard
What pleaſes me ſtill more—the human voice,
In ſerious ſweetneſs, flowing from the heart
Of unaffected woman. I could hark
'Till the round world diſſolv'd, to the pure ſtrain
Love teaches, gentle modeſty inſpires.
But teaſe me not, ye ſelf-conceited fools,
Who with a loud inſufferable ſquall
Inſult our ears, or hum a noiſeleſs air,
Diſdaining to be heard; the while ye ſmile
To ſhew a ſet of teeth newly repair'd,

Or

Or ſhrink and ſhrug, to make the crowd admire
Your ſtrange grimaces practis'd at the glaſs.
Oh! I abhor it! I would rather hear
A pedlar's kit beſcrape a dancing dog.'

I wandered almoſt unconſciouſly, with my eyes fixed on the bright orb, of Heſper, wrapt in deep contemplation, till the diſtant murmur of a bell, pealing the hour of ten, warned me to return: in doing ſo, I paſſed a well-remembered grove, in whoſe deepeſt retirements I have ſpent many a noontide hour. Now Philomela had taken poſſeſſion of its ſequeſtered retreats, and was warbling her ſweet muſic in the ear of night: I could not help inwardly ejaculating,

'Liſt' to the night-bird's melancholy plaint,
That ſteals on echo's wing acroſs the vale;
Now the ſoft muſic ſinks in warblings faint,
And ſeems ſad ſorrow's mournful-ſounding tale.
Or elſe, methinks, the penſive murmurs ſeem
Like ſoft complaining from love's tortur'd breaſt;
Where diſappointment has deſtroy'd the dream,
That told the tender heart it ſhould be bleſt!'

Author's Manuſcript Poems.

Pleaſed with my ſhort but charming walk, I reached my 'home of reſt;' and ſhould any cynic frown on my humble effort to amuſe in depicting that walk, I ſhall only anſwer him in the words of Hurdis:

'Let him read who will;
And blame me not, if tardy as the ſnail
I hardly creep a ſingle mile from home.
It is my humour. Let him ſpeed who will,
And fly like cannon-ſhot from poſt to poſt;
I love to pauſe, and quit the public road,
To gain a ſummit, take a view or pluck
An unknown bloſſom. What if I diſmount,
And leave my ſteed to graze the while I ſit
Under the pleaſant lee, or idly roam
Acroſs the paſture, diligent to mark
What paſſes next?—'Tis Engliſh blood that flows
Under the azure covert of theſe veins.
I love my liberty; and if I ſing,
Will ſing to pleaſe myſelf; bound by no rule,
The ſubject of no law.—I cannot think
Praiſe-worthy excellence is only hit
By ſervile imitation. In a path
Peculiarly his own great Handel went,
And juſtly merits our applauſe, tho' not
The Hoſher of his art. In a new courſe
Went Shakeſpeare, nobly launching forth;
And who ſhall ſay he has not found perfection,
Tho' not a Sophocles? Ye ſhallow wits,
Who bid us coaſt it in the learned track,
Nor quit the ſight of ſhore, there is in art
A world unknown, whoſe treaſures only he
Shall ſpy, and well deſerve, who proudly ſcorns
The ſecond laurel, and exulting ſteers
Far from the cuſtom'd way. My ſlender bark
Perchance has ruſh'd into a boiſt'rous ſea,
Which ſoon ſhall overwhelm her; yet I fear
No ſtorms the furious elements can rouſe;
And if I fail, ſhall deem it noble ſtill
To founder in a brave attempt. Once more
The cheerful breeze invites; I fill my ſail
And ſcud before it. When the critic ſtarts,
And angrily unites his bags of wind,
Then I lay to, and bid the blaſt go by.'

Memoir of the Ducheſs of Brunſwick. (*Concluded from page* 580.)

FOR a long ſeries of years the duke and ducheſs of Brunſwick enjoyed as much happineſs as ſeemed to be allotted to mortals: they lived but for each other, and to promote the intereſt of their ſubjects.

When towards the cloſe of laſt year the ferocious and unprincipled outrages of the Corſican ASSASSIN had rouſed even the puſillanimity of the king of Pruſſia, the duke of Brunſwick, in the decline of life, was again called forth to ſhare in the command of that monarch's army. The ſame vigour and courage that reflected ſuch luſtre of his youth, ſtill ſhed their rays around the veteran; but through the ignorance or ill-timed parſimony of 'all the talents,' he had no Engliſhmen, as formerly, under his banners, and no Frederic II. to co-operate with. The dreadful reſult of the campaign is too well

well known to our readers to need recital. The duke died, as he had lived, with unfullied honour, fighting valiantly for all that is dear to civilized Europe. 'As his life was honourable, so was his death glorious.'

After this melancholy event, to protect this venerable princeſs from the ſavage inſult of an inhuman and brutalized enemy, a ſecure aſylum was offered to her in England, and a return to the boſom of her family. The Clyde frigate was diſpatched to convey her over, and after a proſperous voyage, that veſſel arrived in the river in the evening of July 6th, and came to an anchor off Graveſend. The guns were fired from the fort at Tilbury, and the batteries on the Kentiſh ſide of the river, and the Graveſend volunteer artillery fired a royal ſalute from their field pieces, placed on the conſpicuous eminence of Windmill-Hill. Shortly after, one of the magiſtrates of the corporation went on board the frigate to mage the due arrangements for the reception of her ſerene highneſs on landing, and was received with all attention. It was determined that the ducheſs ſhould not land till the morning, by which time it was ſuppoſed that the princeſs of Wales, to whom an expreſs had been ſent from Sheerneſs, might arrive.

About half paſt eight in the morning of the 7th, the princeſs arrived from Blackheath. The mayor and corporation aſſembled at the town-hall, and afterwards proceeded to the landing-place, where the volunteers were drawn up. The affectionate interview between the long ſeparated mother and daughter, may be better felt than deſcribed. At eleven o'clock the ſtandard was ſtruck from the frigate, and removed to the barge, in which the princeſs was ſeated on the left of her mother. Repeated diſcharges of cannon on all ſides took place during her approach to the ſhore. Captain Owen had previouſly rowed aſhore to receive her royal highneſs. All deſcriptions of perſons were anxious to pay their reſpectful homage, and vied with each other in their mode of evincing it. The princeſs firſt landed and bowed moſt gracefully and courteouſly to the ſurrounding ſpectators. When the venerable ducheſs, who was led by captain Owen, reached the platform, the mayor and town-clerk advanced towards her, when the latter delivered the following addreſs:

'We, his majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubjects, the mayor, jurats, and common-councillors of the corporation of Graveſend and Milton, moſt humbly beg leave to offer our congratulations upon your royal highneſs's ſafe return to the dominions of our beloved ſovereign.

'Called upon, at the ſudden, to expreſs our feelings, we are little able to do juſtice to them, but they are not the leſs ſincere.

'We entreat your royal highneſs to believe, that his majeſty has not any ſubjects who more fervently wish a continuance of that happineſs which muſt, upon this occaſion, be mutually felt by your royal highneſs, and the excellent princeſs your daughter.'

The princeſs courteſied low at the concluding ſentence. The ducheſs was throughout very ſenſibly affected; but, making an effort to ſuppreſs her agitation, ſhe replied in the following terms:

'You will eaſily believe, ſir, that my feelings are too great, on this occaſion, to expreſs them as I could wiſh: I heartily thank you all.'

The impreſſion upon the ſurrounding ſpectators was very great, and many of them were affected even to tears. The ducheſs then proceeded to her carriage, where her amiable daughter was waiting to receive her, and a copy of the addreſs being preſented to her, the party ſet out for

Montague-

Montague houſe, the reſidence of the princeſs of Wales, on Blackheath.

The 10th of July was the day appointed for the firſt interview of the queen and the principal part of the royal family, with their venerable relation, his majeſty and ſome of the princes having already paid her a viſit. After breakfaſt their majeſties and the princeſſes left Windſor, and arrived at Buckingham-houſe about twelve o'clock. The duke and ducheſs of York, and the dukes of Kent and Cambridge came ſoon after. The ducheſs of Brunſwick and the princeſs of Wales arrived from Blackheath in an open landau; and, on their arrival, the great doors of the palace were thrown open, and the marchioneſs of Bath, miſtreſs of the robes to her majeſty, and principal lady of the bedchamber, was in attendance to receive their royal highneſſes. The marchioneſs handed them from their carriage, and conducted them into their majeſties' preſence.

A ſumptuous repaſt was ſhortly ſerved up. About four the ducheſs and princeſs of Wales left the palace. The princeſs firſt entered the carriage, conducted by his royal highneſs the duke of Cambridge. The ducheſs attended by the duke of Kent, and the princeſſes Auguſta and Elizabeth, and followed by the princeſſes Mary, Sophia, and Amelia. The palace yard was crowded with ſpectators, who gave repeated cheers, and ſhouted, '*Long live the ducheſs of Brunſwick*,' '*Long live the princeſs of Wales*,' '*Long live the king*.' Their royal highneſſes then returned to Blackheath.

The city of London, anxious to evince its loyalty to the beſt of monarchs, and their affection for his family, reſolved upon an addreſs of compliment to the ducheſs. On the 18th of Auguſt, the right hon. the lord mayor, the aldermen, ſheriffs, and common council waited upon her royal and ſerene highneſs, at Montague-houſe, with the following compliments of congratulation, which were read by the recorder.

'We, the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, in common council aſſembled, moſt humbly intreat your royal and ſerene highneſs to accept our ſincere congratulations on your ſafe arrival in this imperial country.

'The return to her native land of an illuſtrious princeſs, ſo nearly and dearly allied to our beloved ſovereign, and to the royal and amiable conſort of the heir apparent to the throne of this united kingdom, cannot but renew the moſt lively ſentiments of affection in the hearts of his majeſty's loyal ſubjects, and a warm participation of thoſe feelings which a meeting ſo intereſting to the royal family muſt have occaſioned.

'Deeply impreſſed, madam, as we are by the extraordinary events which have occaſioned your return, we truſt your royal and ſerene highneſs will permit us to expreſs the ſincere joy we feel at your reſtoration to the ſhores of a free and loyal people, not more attached to a good and venerable king, by duty to his ſupreme and auguſt ſtation, than by affection to his ſacred perſon and family.'

To which her royal and ſerene highneſs was pleaſed to return the following anſwer:

'My lord—I return your lordſhip and the aldermen and commons of the city of London, my grateful thanks for an addreſs which has given me the moſt heartfelt ſatisfaction. It affords an additional inſtance of the loyal attachment of the city of London to the king, and of their affectionate regard for his majeſty's royal family.'

A houſe has been taken at Blackheath, near that of the princeſs of Wales, oſtenſibly for her ſerene highneſs:

highneſs; moſt of her time, however, is ſpent with her amiable daughter, whoſe pious care is anxious to anticipate the wiſhes, and contribute to the comfort of her venerable parent. With her the ducheſs of Brunſwick enjoys, and long may ſhe continue to enjoy, that ſoothing calm and tranquillity which her advanced years require, and which her virtues ſo richly deſerve.

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 593.)

HERE for the firſt time his wiſhes and projects were not diſappointed. Lady Viola di Avellino was the rage, the phrenſy of the moment: crowds followed her, to gaze at and admire; ſuitors poured in from every ſide; her dreſs, her walk, her air, her manner, even the tone of her voice and the expreſſion of her countenance, were the aim of imitation for every faſhionable belle; and the ſociety of the marcheſe of Palermo was now as eargerly ſought by the eſtimable and exalted, as it had for fifteen preceding years been ſhunned.

Among the numerous viſitors who entered the liſts for Viola's favour was the prince of Romando, a man young, handſome, amiable, ſenſible and accompliſhed, with rank and affluence to gratify the father's ambition, with every requiſite to captivate a girl of fifteen juſt emerged from a convent. But fervently as the marcheſe wiſhed for this alliance to take place, his own ill-fated marriage determined him never to force the inclination of his child, nor to urge her to marry where he was not aſſured her affections were irrevocably placed, nor allow her to beſtow her hand where there was not poſitive proof of her being firmly beloved again. Yet ſtill wiſhing for this union, he conſidered it no infringement of his reſolution to throw the prince and Viola in each other's way as frequently as poſſible, without apparent deſign, and to forward and promote the attachment by every means conſiſtent with delicacy and his daughter's future happineſs.

A ſplendid ball was given by the prince of Romando's mother; and to it Viola went, adorned with a number of valuable gems, and every elegance the fortune of her father could procure. Her youthful fancy was dazzled by the brilliancy of her dreſs, and, elated by expected homage, ſhe appeared with a degree of animated lovelineſs even ſurpaſſing her former attractions. Beautiful and gay, the admiration of every beholder, the partner of the prince, the idol of his adoration, Viola emerged from the gentle, ſweetly plaintive character circumſtances had formed for her, and here appeared the life, the ſoul, the ſpirit of the circle—until, as ſhe ſtood at the entrance of a *pergola*, liſtening with playful archneſs to the impaſſioned homage of the prince, the delighted father gazing on her in all the exultation of realiſing hope—when on a ſudden her mirthful look changed to an expreſſion of horror mingled with anguiſh; the animated vermilion of her cheeks aſſumed the aſhy hue of death; tears guſhed from her eyes; her head ſunk in diſorder againſt the arbour; her father caught her in his arms—'Oh take me hence!' ſhe cried. All was conſternation, aſtoniſhment, vague conjecture. She pleaded ſudden illneſs; and the marcheſe conveyed her home.

Alarmed almoſt to torture, her agoniſed father ſummoned his own phyſician, who finding no alarming ſymptom about lady Viola, whom he pronounced agitated and overcome by heat and fatigue, deſired her to retire immediately to bed, and preſcribed a ſoporific for her. Notwithſtanding dottore Balſamico's aſſurance to the contrary, the mar-

cheſe

chese wound himself into a belief that Viola was in imminent danger. He laid an embargo upon dottore Balsamico, and routed every domestic in the palazzo to be in readiness to summon other medical assistance, should any change for the worse take place. Every horse was saddled, every carriage ready; while he himself paced from one room to another, up stairs and down, in all the phrensy of ungoverned sorrow, fully believing the moment of retribution was at hand, and that his child was about to be snatched from him, as a punishment for his cruelty to her mother and to her.

At length Zingaresca, Viola's own woman, appeared, to inform the marchese that lady Viola, after weeping a great deal, had, from the power of the medicine she had taken, fallen into a profound and tranquil sleep.

'The sleep of death!' fear instantly whispered to the anticipating terrors of the agonized father; and he as instantly darted by Zingaresca, and, followed by dottore Balsamico, flew to the chamber of his child. Softly, but precipitately, he hastened to her bed, and drawing the curtain aside, beheld her in a profound though not a tranquil slumber. Her closed eye-lids were moistened by tears, and from the long fringe of each trembled the humid distillations of sorrow, whilst on the only cheek her position exhibited, a pearly drop rested: her head lay reclined upon one hand, which held grasped within it a minature picture, which seemed to have been pressed close to her lips when she fell into her sleep.

'Tortures and madness!'—Here was an annihilating discovery for an impetuous father.—'Here was the portrait of some clandestine lover, the solution of the evening's enigma! Ambition and vanity had led her on to listen for a moment to the prince, when a sudden recollection of this vile and low-born wretch (for vile and low-born the marchese decidedly pronounced him) had startled, disordered, and agitated her.'——Ten thousand furies! From the seclusion and humble sphere his child had been reared in, she had imbibed plebeian notions. The brother of a lay-sister, the nephew of a portress, the cousin of a grave-digger, all passed in terrible array before his phrensied imagination. He consigned the whole convent of St. Rosolia to the d—l; execrated his own conduct as the cause of all; and these thoughts, as they passed rapidly through his mind, wound him into such a paroxysm of rage, that, forgetting every fear of awaking the sleeping invalid, he resolved to know the extent of this disgrace so providentially discovered to him, and hastily snatched the portrait from his daughter's grasp, and beheld, most strikingly pourtrayed, the beautiful, interesting, plaintive countenance of her mother!—The conviction he expected could scarcely have disconcerted him more completely. The picture fell from his trembling hand; and as precipitately as he had entered he now quitted Viola's chamber, and retired to his own, from whence he emerged no more that night.

The power of medicine Viola had taken was dispelled by the rough manner in which she had been awakened: she slept no more that night, for her thoughts had painful subjects, and she wept uncontrolled till morning; when she arose, and on her knees again entreated pardon of Heaven for her culpable folly, and inexcusable ingratitude to the best of mothers.

The cause of this suddenly founded accusation we must now take the liberty of recounting to our reader, as a solution of Viola's mysterious agitation at the princess of Romando's hall. As she stood by the pergola, listening with all the pleasure of youthful

youthful vanity to the prince's adulation, which touched not her heart, but often from its ſuperlative flights nearly exciting her riſibility, the converſation of two elderly ladies, who had entered the arbour from another room, reached her ears and arreſted her attention; it was the continuation of a diſcourſe relative to herſelf.

'I certainly agree with you in thinking,' ſaid one, 'that lady Viola de Avellino is even more beautiful than was her beautiful mother.'

'But mark me,' replied the other, 'it is only in perſonal perfection that I admit the ſuperiority. Lady Viola is, I fear, vain and frivolous —inſenſible, at leaſt, if not ungrateful. Decked out in all the gems I well remember her unfortunate mother to have worn in the ſhort days of her happineſs, ſhe ſeems to forget, in the regions of mirth and proſperity, the ſorrows and injuries of that incomparable mother.'

Viola was neither inſenſible nor ungrateful: theſe words ſtruck dreadfully on her heart. Every accuſing feeling flew to the court of juſtice within her own breaſt. She condemned herſelf without offering a ſingle palliation; and the ſentence of her mental judge was the miſery of ſelf-reproach.

At breakfaſt the father and daughter met, with heavy eyes and dejected countenance; but no explanation enſued, nor did the evidently depreſſed marcheſe ſtart any ſubject that could lead Viola to offer that requeſt ſhe feared yet panted to make, for permiſſion to viſit and aſk forgiveneſs of her adored mother. That day the prince of Romando made his propoſals to the marcheſe of Palermo for Viola; who being left by her father totally to her own decition, rejected (almoſt with horror) the man who had cauſed her, even for a moment, to forget her mother's ſorrows.

From this period Viola ſecluded herſelf as much as poſſible from every ſcene of gaiety. Her ſhort flight of vivacity was paſt; her appetite fled; her reſt was broken; and her bloom faded like a blighted flower. At length, anxiety for his child's health led the agitated father to that ſubject he had anticipated in idea, and dreaded to enter upon. One morning, as they were ſitting together after breakfaſt, the marcheſe, with all the winning gentleneſs of affection, entreated the confidence of his child, and deſired to learn the cauſe of her too apparent unhappineſs.

'I have no cauſe for unhappineſs, my father,' replied Viola, burſting into tears, 'but in being ſeparated from my mother; and from my ſelf-reproaches for ſuffering the deluſions of pleaſure to teach me, even for a moment to forget her.'

A painful pauſe enſued. At length the marcheſe mournfully ſaid—'You are weary, then, Viola, of the affection of a doating father, and with to leave him?'

'No, Heaven forbid!' returned Viola fervently. 'My with, my lord, is to reſide alternately here and at St. Roſolia's; to ſhare alike the affection of both my honoured parents; and to divide mine, and my tendereſt attentions equally between them."

The marcheſe aroſe and traverſed the room in much diſorder; at length, he returned to his ſeat, and almoſt, from agitation, inarticulately ſaid: —'I am grieved to ſay, my child, your amiable with can never be realiſed. The unhappy diſagreement ſo long ſubſiſting between your mother and me, which my Viola will ſpare me the pain and humiliation of entering upon, muſt, alas! affect our child. Situated as the marcheſa and I are, you cannot divide your affection between us. Mutual jealouſy in an alternate reſidence would but increaſe our miſery and diviſion. To

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one parent only can you devote yourself. You must be alone your mother's; or, oh, rapture! wholly mine.'

Viola, uttering a faint shriek, fell at his feet, and grasped his knees in all the convulsed agitation of horror and despair.

'Oh, my father! revoke, revoke that dreadful sentence. Oh! in pity to us both, drive not your affectionate child for ever from you.'

The marchese flung her from him in agonised phrensy. 'So, then you have decided!—You throw me off! I—I am to be the victim of your choice! It is well—very well. But remember, girl,' and he fixed his eyes sternly upon her, 'though affection turns you not to me, interest should sway you. Remember, infatuated girl, that I have the power to disinherit you—to leave you a titled beggar—to leave the young marchesa of Palermo a poor dependant upon the charity of an unfeeling world! Recollect this, Viola, ere you rashly fly from the protection of your despised, your hated father.'

'For the love of the Holy Virgin,' exclaimed Viola, almost frantically, 'rend not thus the heart of your affectionate child. I love you so well—indeed I do, my father—and am so very grateful for your kindness and tenderness to me, that Heaven knows I would not voluntarily leave you. But my poor mother has long been deprived of health, is often very sick, and always very miserable—her kindness, and my debt of gratitude, commenced from the hour of my birth. She nurtured, she loved, she cherished me; she taught me every good I know; while Heaven and her Viola were for fifteen years the only consolation her sorrows knew;—and can I now forsake her?'

'You might have spared these reproaches, Viola,' said the marchese with terrifying calmness; they ill befit you to speak, nor will I hear more of them. This conversation can never be renewed. This instant decides your fate. Your choice is free, lady Viola: remain with a fond, a doating father, and enjoy that affluence, that indulgence can bestow; or return to your mother, and to irrevocable poverty and obscurity.'

'Then to my mother, and to that poverty and obscurity which the self-conviction of ingratitude shall not embitter, will I return. Viola di Avellino will never dishonour the illustrious name she bears; but ever must she deplore her cruel destiny, that awakened in her heart the most pure and glowing affection for a parent who thus throws her off for ever.' Viola, with a look of agonised supplication, sufficient to melt the most obdurate heart, pressed her father's hand to her lips, as she tremulously arose. He flew from her to touch the bell, which he vehemently rung. A servant appeared. The marchese ordered a carriage to be got ready immediately, and that father Leopold, his domestic chaplain, should attend him on the instant in the library; and dashing Viola from him with a menacing look, who was again on her knees clinging to his coat, imploring a blessing ere they parted, he with all the phrensied gestures of a maniac rushed from the room.

In about half an hour father Leopold appeared to the weeping Viola, to inform her she must instantly accompany him. Viola stood too much in awe of her father to attempt any further supplication; but silent, and full of grief, she attended her father's chaplain to the convent of St. Rosolia, to the good abbadessa, of which he delivered lady Viola, who, he said, would herself account to the marchesa of Palermo for her unexpected return.

CHAP. LIII.

THE joy Viola had experienced in once more embracing her fond and beloved mother was moſt dreadfully allayed by the agoniſing reflection of the lamentable event which reſtored her ſo unexpectedly to her mother's arms; and how to diſcloſe all the heart-rending circumſtances of her ſecond baniſhment from the houſe and affection of her father, was a taſk poor Viola found herſelf at this moment perfectly unequal to. She well knew that to ſee her in the favour and affection of her father had been for years the firſt wiſh of the marcheſa's heart; and after that wiſh had been ſo unexpectedly and flatteringly realiſed, the bitter diſappointment, Viola feared, would be more than the fragile frame of her mother could endure. From inflicting ſuch a fell blow to the peace of her beloved parent ſhe recoiled, and therefore reſolved to make no diſagreeable communications until ſhe had ſeen and conſulted her uncle. But this concealment, with the ſecret anguiſh her heart had long endured, with this day's dreadful increaſe of it, now proved too much for Viola. Her head ached violently: her eyes were heavy; her pulſe beat quick; and her attentive mother found her very feveriſh: from which, and the evaſive anſwers Viola made when queſtioned upon the reaſon of her unexpected return, the marcheſa's anticipating fears whiſpered that ſomething of new misfortune had occurred; and in her anxiety to learn what, ſhe ſent a haſty ſummons to the archbiſhop of Montreal, who came to her fully equal to informing her upon the diſtreſſing ſubject, having, juſt before her ſummons reached him, received a letter from his nephew relative to the tranſactions of that morning.

The exultation and gratified affection of the marcheſa upon the conduct of her amiable, grateful child, only increaſed her affliction and diſappointment at that child's being ſo unjuſtly and cruelly deprived of her expectations by a conduct ſo meritorious. It deſerved applauſe and recompenſe, not the puniſhment it met with; and feeling that it was for her Viola had given up every ſmile of fortune, her grief, gratitude, and affection were wound up to the moſt painful and higheſt pitch, and added the moſt dreadful poignancy to every fear the too evident indiſpoſition of her child inſpired.

The amiable archbiſhop remained the whole day at St. Roſolia's, to give every conſolation in his power to his beloved Angelina; and as the day advanced, the increaſing indiſpoſition of Viola prevented her being able longer to deny her illneſs, which, for her mother's peace, ſhe had for ſome hours done; and now alſo, for that mother's peace, ſhe conſented to receive medical aid.

The evening was faſt cloſing in, when a little group, drawn by affection thither, were collected round Viola's couch, on which ſhe reclined, her head reſted upon that balmy pillow where the affectionate child finds eaſe for every ill—the boſom of her fond attentive mother; the good prelate and amiable prioreſs ſeated by her, ready to give every comfort in their power, or to beguile ſickneſs and ſorrow of their pangs by their inſtructive and amuſing converſation: while cloſe to the couch Clementina ſat, one hand of Viola's faſt claſped in her's, and which often felt a trickling tear that fell, becauſe ſhe had not power to make her couſin well or her aunt happy. This friendly little group were thus ſituated, when the ſolemn ſtillneſs that then reigned in the convent was unuſually interrupted by a loud and violent ringing at the gate; and in a few moments after the following letter was, by a converſa, delivered into the hand of the agitated and alarmed Viola.

'MY CHILD,

'Eraſe from your remembrance the tranſactions of this morning;—but in mine they ſhall hold a place for ever. If it is poſſible, look on me again with the ſame affection you bore me yeſterday. Viola, I implore you to return to me inſtantly with father Leopold, whom I have ſent for you. I am very ill, Viola, and want your care. The amiable mother, who has made you what you are, will not refuſe to let you come to and comfort a miſerable man.

'My Viola's henceforth
'affectionate father,
'PALERMO.'

The agitated marcheſa beheld with alarm the variations of her child's countenance as ſhe peruſed the billet; and with equal agitation ſhe herſelf read it when Viola preſented it to her. Without ſpeaking, ſhe gave it to the archbiſhop; then looked anxiouſly at her child, inquiringly at him.

'Viola muſt go,' ſaid the archbiſhop.

'Ill as ſhe is?' replied the anxious mother.

'Diſeaſes generally ceaſe when the cauſe is removed,' returned the archbiſhop: 'uneaſineſs of mind ſolely occaſioned Viola's indiſpoſition; and———

'And now I am well, almoſt quite well,' ſaid Viola. 'The cauſe of my mother's recent ſorrow, is now providentially removed, and my anticipating heart predicts a thouſand happy things for us all.'

'Heaven grant them, my daughter!' ſaid the good abbadeſſa. 'But you ſhall not leave us without the attendance of ſiſter Conſtantia: ſhe is a careful nurſe, is firmly attached to you, and you love her. Her being with you will be a conſolation to our dear marcheſa; and ſhould you not want her care, ſhe can aſſiſt you in nurſing your father.'

This kind of conſiderate offer was gratefully accepted; and while the good Conſtantia (one of the hoſpital ſiſters) was preparing to attend Viola, the agitated marcheſa took her daughter by the hand, and, accompanied by the archbiſhop, the prioreſs, and Clementina, proceeded to the parlour, where father Leopold was waiting, and herſelf delivered Viola to his care.

'My child is far from well, reverend father,' ſaid ſhe: 'my lord will therefore, I truſt, excuſe the liberty my anxiety has prompted me to take, in ſending one of our convent nurſes to attend her.'

Father Leopold had never before beheld the unfortunate Angelina; and whether awed or affected by her appearance, he was unable to reply to her. But intimating that the marcheſe would feel impatient at delay, Viola embraced her mother and couſin, received the parting benediction of the prelate and abbadeſſa, and accompanied by ſiſter Conſtantia, attended father Leopold to the carriage, which quickly conveyed her to her father; who received her with redoubled affection from her late alienation.

The attendance of the nurſe being mentioned, and explained to the marcheſe, every idea of his own indiſpoſition vaniſhed in care and anxiety for his daughter. Viola aſſured that her time ſhould be equally ſhared by both her parents, and all mental ill being removed, ſiſter Conſtantia returned in a few days to St. Roſolia's with the happy intelligence of Viola's perfect recovery.

Lady Viola had been about a month on her ſecond viſit to her father, during which period ſhe had made ſeveral morning viſits to her mother and her uncle; when one day, after the marcheſe had been abſent from home ſome hours, father Leopold ruſhed into the apartment where ſhe was, and with looks aghaſt ſuddenly exclaimed—

'Your unfortunate father has been drawn

drawn into the commiſſion of a dreadful crime, amenable to the law not only of Sicily, but wherever the power of Italy can reach him. His property all is forfeited, and his perſon will be inſtantly ſeized unleſs he flies. He ſends me to you, to implore you to join his wanderings, although an exile and a beggar.'

The ſhock of this intelligence was too powerful for Viola to ſuſtain; ſhe fell ſenſeleſs to the ground. On her recovery ſhe found herſelf in the arms of her father, who appeared in the utmoſt grief and conſternation.

'Forgive me, my child,' he cried.

'Oh! why do we delay?' ſhe eagerly exclaimed. 'Let us inſtantly fly—I am ready to accompany you, my father.'

'What!' ſaid the marcheſe in breathleſs agitation, 'will Viola go with a beggared criminal, and leave that mother for whom ſhe unheſitatingly gave up every ſmile of fortune?'

Viola clung round the marcheſe's neck.—'For the love of Heaven!' ſhe cried, 'name not my mother until we are far from Palermo. You are now the moſt unfortunate of my parents; and your claims upon my affection, my duty, my attentions, are therefore now the ſtrongeſt.—Let us fly, my father, and I will be all the comfort to you that I can.'

Her father preſſed her with exulting tenderneſs to his breaſt. 'My child, forgive the cruel ſtratagem that has put your filial virtue and affection to ſo ſevere a trial. I have committed no offence againſt the laws of my country. I am not bereft of my fortune, or compelled to fly: but, keenly feeling my long ſeries of unkindneſs to you, and my late cruel caprice, I thought it impoſſible that you could experience any affection for me; and that duty and obedience which you evinced by ſo readily returning to me, even when you were ill, I feared was the effect of your mother's and uncle's policy. Father Leopold, participating in my doubts and fears, formed that plot which gave ſuch anguiſh to your feeling heart. As a proſcribed criminal, I had nothing to beſtow upon my child but poverty and ſorrow.—The dreadful ordeal unveiled her heart, and proved its ſterling virtue. I now glory and exult in my child; and could I, by any means within my power, ſilence the reproaches of my conſcience for my cruelties to that exalted incomparable being who has made my Viola what ſhe is, I think my future life ſhould be ſuch that could not make my child unhappy; ſhould be ſuch that even the faſtidious archbiſhop of Montreal ſhould not diſapprove.'

Viola threw her arms about her father's neck, and, while ſhe imprinted a kiſs of ſenſibility and affection upon his cheek, timidly whiſpered the firſt wiſh of her heart, as the means moſt likely to ſilence the reproaches of his mental guide. From that hour Viola was empowered to take every proper method to effect a reconciliation between her long eſtranged parents. Her taſk was not very difficult, ſince the marcheſa was too amiable, too ſuſceptible of every Chriſtian virtue, for one moment to ſhelter reſentment againſt the contrite. She found her huſband a ſincere penitent; and though great were the afflicti as he had made her ſuffer, ſhe graciouſly forgave him, and, at his deſire, returned to fill that place in the world he had ſo long baniſhed her from. The good archbiſhop was once more on friendly terms with his no longer deſpicable nephew; and the now happy and ſanguine Viola thought of nothing but permanent felicity in the re-union of her parents. But, alas! Viola was not born to experience felicity unalloyed.

Angelina now, in her thirty-ſe-

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cond year, a phantom only of her former ſelf, which each rude blaſt ſeemed ready to diſſolve, returned to her huſband at the call of duty, without one idea of expecting to find in her re-union any of that happineſs ſhe had once hoped for, and been diſappointed in. She found the marcheſe a moſt tender, attentive, and, to all appearance, affectionate huſband. But Angelina was no longer to be deceived by appearances. She had been tenderly and firmly attached to the marcheſe of Palermo, and his cruelties to her and to her child had not been able to ſhake that attachment. She ſtill loved him, and clearly ſaw ſhe had no power over his heart but what his newly awakened duty and ſorrow for the miſery he had heaped upon her gave her. Her feeling, delicate mind ſhrunk with horror from this conviction: ſhe now conſidered herſelf as the bane of her huſband's repoſe, the only alloy to the happineſs of him ſo tenderly beloved by her. Her preſence, ſhe feared, was a ſource of conſtant mental reproach to him; and that every kindneſs ſhe experienced from him was an act of painful penance inflicted by his conſcience.

This baneful idea, ſo unfortunately conceived, ſo fatally cheriſhed, faſt mined the feeble wreck of an already exhauſted frame. For Viola's ſake ſhe ſtrove againſt mental and bodily ill; put her fortitude to the utmoſt ſtretch: went into public with a placid air and aſſumed cheerfulneſs; but it was in vain—mental ſuffering had ſigned her death-warrant, and her rapid decline was ſoon too viſible to every one.

The grief and diſtraction of the marcheſe (who now looked upon his Angelina as the moſt perfect of human beings) was little ſhort of the affectionate Viola's. Every medicinal aid, every domeſtic care, were eagerly beſtowed upon her: but ſtill ſhe declined; and the diſtreſs of the father, and anguiſh of the daughter, knew no conſolation. The marcheſe expected very ſhortly a ſummons to Rome, relative to a law-ſuit he had been for ſome time engaged in about ſome conſiderable property he held in the pope's dominions; and he now reſolved to ſet out immediately with the marcheſa upon a voyage to Liſbon, where he would leave her with ſome near relations of his own, while he ſhould go and negotiate his buſineſs at Rome; that he would then return to Portugal, and, when the marcheſa was ſufficiently recovered (which he would not entertain a doubt of), he would take her a tour through the ſouthern and moſt ſalubrious provinces of the continent.

Viola was in ecſtaſies at this arrangement, as her fond and flattering wiſhes realiſed from it that perfect recovery of her adored mother her agoniſed heart ſo anxiouſly panted for. A commodious veſſel, with a ſkilful captain and crew, was now procured. Dottore Balſamico and ſiſter Conſtantia engaged to attend the marcheſa during her preſent expedition. But that which afforded the declining Angelina more pleaſure than any other part of her huſband's kind arrangements was, his aſking Clementina to accompany them upon this tour; for to this poor girl the marcheſa thought her huſband's conduct hitherto frigid and unkind.

The marcheſe had certainly treated Clementina with a cold formality that had mortified the ſuſceptible girl, and much hurt her aunt and Viola. But in ſome degree this conduct of the marcheſe's was actuated by the moſt laudable motives. He believed that it would be indelicate and unkind in him to Angelina to evince the ſmalleſt partiality towards the child of Julia: and while wiſhing to ſteer clear of every thing that could wound the feelings of his wife, he, like the generality of people who act by rule, went beyond the mark, and appeared

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to every one often rude, but always ungracious, to an amiable and lovely young creature, whose misfortunes he pitied, whose perfections he admired, and whom he had a sincere regard for—as soon as a little pang of jealous apprehension had subsided, which he had entertained, lest her beauty should prove more attractive, and occasion more celebrity, than his Viola's. He acknowledged Clementina excessive lovely and fascinating; but he thought Viola infinitely more so; yet as he had formerly, contrary to the general opinion, given the palm of beauty to Julia from Angelina, he trembled lest his judgment might not now, no more than then, coincide with the fancy of the multitude. But in this matter his dreadful apprehensions were most decisively allayed. Clementina was admired by all who saw her; but she attracted no gazing crowd like Viola; she numbered not one quarter of the suitors in her train; she received not the homage, the adulation, that lady Viola di Avellino received;—not, gentle reader, that Clementina Stanhope was less lovely than her cousin, but she was not heiress to the titles and estates of the marchese of Palermo. Clementina was an almost portionless foreigner; and the beaux of Palermo, like the beaux of other countries which we could name, found those charms the most attractive which were seen through the magnifying perspective of rank and fortune.

(To be continued.)

A Description of the Banquetting Hall of the Lodge formerly held at Marseilles, intituled, the Lodge of St. John.

AT the bottom of the hall, under a gilded canopy, the valences whereof are blue fringed with gold, is a painting which represents the genius of masonry supporting the portrait of the king of France, upon a pedestal, under which there is this inscription.

Dilectissimo rege Monumentum Amoris.

Latomi. Massilienses.

A genius seated below the pedestal, presents with one hand this inscription, and with the other the arms of the lodge, with their motto,

Deo regi et Patriæ fidelitas.

Above this is a genius which crowns the king.

To the right of this painting is placed another, representing the wisdom of SOLOMON, with this inscription above it,

Prudentia.

To the left is another, representing the courage of St. JOHN the baptist, in remonstrating with HEROD upon his debaucheries. The inscription above it is,

Fortitudo.

The right side of the hall is ornamented with paintings of equal grandeur.

The first represents Joseph acknowledging his brethren, and pardoning them for the ill usage he had received from them, with this inscription,

Venia.

The second represents Job upon the dunghill, his house destroyed, his fields laid waste by storm, his wife insulting him, and himself calm, lifting his hands towards heaven, with this inscription,

Patientia.

The third represents St. Paul and St. Barnabas, refusing divine honours at Lystra, with this inscription,

Humilitas.

The fourth Jonathan, when he warned David to keep from the city, in order to avoid the danger which threatened his days, with this inscription,

Amicitia.

The fifth, Solomon surveying the works of the temple, and giving his orders for the execution of the plan, which

which his father David had left him of it, with this inſcription,

Pietas.

The ſixth, the charity of the Samaritan, with this inſcription,

Charitas.

The ſeventh, St. Peter and the other apoſtles paying tribute to Cæſar, by means of the piece of money found miraculouſly in the belly of a fiſh, with this inſcription,

Fidelitas.

The left ſide of the hall contains three paintings.

The firſt, Tobias curing his father, with theſe words for the inſcription,

Filiale Debitum.

The ſecond, the father of the prodigal ſon, when he embraces him, and pardons his offences, with this inſcription,

Paternus Amor.

The third repreſents the ſacrifice of Abraham, with this inſcription,

Obedientia.

On each ſide of the door are two paintings of equal grandeur.

One repreſents the apoſtles giving alms in common, the inſcription,

Eleemoſyna.

The other repreſents Lot, receiving the angels into his houſe, believing them to be ſtrangers; the inſcription is,

Hoſpitalitas.

The four corners of the hall are decorated with four *allegorical* pictures.

In one are repreſented two geniuſes holding a large medal, in which are painted three pillars of a gold colour, with this motto,

Hic poſuere Locum, Virtus, Sapientia, forma.

In another, two geniuſes equally ſupporting a large medal, on which are repreſented three hearts ſet on fire by the ſame flame, united by the bond of the order, with this motto,

Pectora jungit Amor, Pietas que ligavat Amantes.

The two others are in the ſame taſte, but ſupported by one genius only, being a ſmaller ſize. The medals repreſent,

The firſt, three branches, one of olive, another of laurel, and another of myrtle, with this motto,

Hic ſpacem mutuo damus acciſimuſque viciſſim.

The other, a level in a hand coming from heaven, placed perpendicularly upon a heap of ſtones of unequal forms and ſizes, with this motto,

Equa lege ſortitur inſignes et imos.

All theſe paintings are upon a line; thoſe which are placed oppoſite the windows are intirely in front. Over the inner door of entrance is this inſcription, in a painting which is diſplayed by a child.

S. T. O. T. A.

Varia hæc Virtutum Exempla Fraternæ Liberalitatis Monumenta D. V. & C. Latomi Maſſilienſes, Fratribus quæ aſſequenda præbent, anno Lucis.

5765.

The letters S. T. O. T. A. ſignify, *Supremo Totius Orbis Terrarum Architecto.*

Each painting bears below it, the arms and blazon of the brethren who cauſed them to be painted.

Every ſpace, from one column to another, forms an intercolumniation. Upon the middle of each pilaſter, being twenty-four in number, are raiſed corbals in form of antique *Guaines*, upon which are placed the buſts of great and virtuous men of antiquity.

The curtains to the gilded canopy are in the Italian taſte, and are four in number.

Three great branches of chryſtal light this hall at proper times, and ſerve as an additional ornament.

This hall will contain ſixty brethren, without making uſe of the inſide of the horſe-ſhoe table.

There are, moreover, two grand deſert buffets, which take up a great ſpace in the length.

From

From the foregoing letter and deſcription, I ſhall take occaſion to conſider the temples of the ancients, their ſituation, form, &c. the peruſal of which, I flatter myſelf, will afford both entertainment and inſtruction to the intelligent maſon.

The firſt generations of men had neither temples nor ſtatues for their gods, but worſhipped towards heaven in the open air.

The Perſians, even in ages when temples were common in all other countries, not thinking the gods to be of human ſhape, as did the Greeks, had no temples; they thought it abſurd to confine the gods within walls, 'whoſe houſe and temple was this whole world,' to uſe the words of CICERO.

The Greeks, and moſt other nations, worſhipped their gods on the tops of high mountains. STRABO obſerves, that the Perſians had neither images nor altars, but only ſacrificed to the gods on ſome high place.

The nations which lived near Judea ſacrificed alſo on the tops of mountains. BALAK, king of Moab, carried BALAAM to the top of Bahal, and other mountains, to ſacrifice to the gods, and curſe Iſrael from thence. The ſame cuſtom is atteſted in almoſt innumerable places of the ſacred ſcriptures; I ſhall only add the following teſtimonies, whence the antiquity of this cuſtom will appear. ABRAHAM was commanded by God to offer ISAAC his ſon for a burnt-offering upon* one of the mountains in the land of Moriah; on which mountain DAVID afterwards erected an altar, and by ſacrifice and prayer appeaſed the peſtilence.

And on the ſame mountain (mount Moriah) SOLOMON, by GOD's appointment, erected a temple according to the model of the tabernacle, which MOSES, by divine inſtruction, built in the wilderneſs. In ſucceeding ages the temples were often built on the ſummit of mountains. Thus it is obſerved of the Trojan temples, in which HECTOR is ſuppoſed to have ſacrificed. And both at Athens and Rome the moſt ſacred temples ſtood in the moſt eminent parts of the city.

The temples of the antients were built and adorned with all poſſible ſplendour and magnificence; no pains, no charges were ſpared upon them; this they did, partly out of the great reſpect they had for the gods, to whom they thought nothing more acceptable, and, partly that they might create a reverence of the deities, in thoſe who came to pay their devotions there. (Vide D. Potter's *Antiq. of Greece*, vol. I. and his comment upon *Lycophron ad. vers.* 42.)

As to the form of theſe antient ſtructures, they were built after that manner which was thought moſt agreeable to the gods to whom they were deſigned to be dedicated: For as trees, birds, and other animals were eſteemed ſacred to particular deities, ſo almoſt every God had a form of building peculiar to himſelf, and which they imagined more acceptable to him than any other. For inſtance, the Dorick pillars were ſacred to Jupiter, Mars, and Hercules: The Ionick to Bacchus, Apollo, and Diana: The Corinthian to Veſta the virgin. It muſt be admitted that ſometimes all theſe were made uſe of in the ſame temple; but this was either in thoſe temples which were ſacred to more gods than one, or to ſome of thoſe gods who

NOTE.

* There were in the ſame tract of ground *three* hills, *Sion*, *Moriagh*, and mount *Calvary*. On *Sion*, was the city and caſtle of DAVID; on *Moriagh* was the temple; and, on mount *Calvary* CHRIST was crucified. But all theſe three were generally called by the name of *Sion*; whence it is, that though the temple was built on *Moriagh*, ſcripture ſpeaks of it commonly as if it were upon mount *Sion*.

who were thought to preſide over ſeveral things; for the antients believing that the world was governed by Divine Providence, aſcribed the management of every particular affair to this or that deity: Thus Mars was thought to preſide over war; Venus over love; ſo Mercury was the god of merchants, orators, and thieves; Minerva was the goddeſs of warriors, ſcholars, artificers, &c. Therefore, it is no wonder that in ſome of the temples dedicated to her, there were three rows of pillars; the firſt of the Doriek, the ſecond of the Corinthian, the third of the Ionick order.

With reſpect to the ſituation of their temples, VITRUVIUS informs us, wherever they ſtood, if the place would permit, it was contrived that the windows being open, they might receive the rays of the riſing ſun (lib. VI. c. 5.) The frontiſpiece placed towards the *weſt*, and the altars and ſtatues the *eaſt*; that they who came to worſhip might have their faces towards them, becauſe it was an antient cuſtom of the heathens to worſhip with their faces towards the *eaſt*. This is affirmed by CLEMENS of Alexander (Strom. VIII.) and HYGIFUS, the *ſiced-man of* AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, (*De agrorum limit. Cons.* lib. I.) to have been the moſt antient ſituation of temples; and that the placing the front of temples towards the *eaſt* was only a device of latter ages. Nevertheleſs, the way of building temples towards the *eaſt*, ſo as the doors being opened ſhould receive the rays of the riſing ſun, was very antient (DION. THRAX.) and in latter ages almoſt univerſal; moſt of the temples were then ſo contrived, that the entrance and ſtatues ſhould look towards the *eaſt*, and they who paid their devotion towards the *weſt*, as we are expreſsly told by PORPHYRY, (*libro de Antro Nymphārum.*) In the ſame manner the *eaſtern* nations commonly built their temples, as appears from the temples of the Syrian goddeſs in LUCIAN. The temple of Memphis, built by PSAMMENITUS, king of Egypt, in DIODORUS the Sicilian. That of Vulcan erected by another Egyptian king. (HERODOTUS, lib. II. &c.)

Hence it appears, that the reaſon why the heathens erected their temples *eaſt* and *weſt*, was to receive the rays of the riſing ſun, which planet many of thoſe nations were accuſtomed to worſhip.

And we find the tabernacle erected in the wilderneſs, and the temple at Jeruſalem, as alſo moſt places of divine adoration in the preſent age, to be ſituated in the ſame manner, but not for the ſame reaſon: For we read that the Jews were forbid to worſhip with their faces towards the *eaſt*: Accordingly the temple had no avenue to it, but from the *eaſt*. So that in their approach to the temple, and during the time of their adoration therein, they had their faces towards the *weſt*, and their backs to the *riſing ſun*; which was done, according to the opinion of the beſt commentators, to prevent the people from worſhipping the *ſun and hoſt of Heaven*, a ſpecies of idolatry they were very prone to. And as they were by this means to be prevented from falling into that mode of idolatry in their worſhip, conſequently the reaſon for ſituating the tabernacle, and (after that example) the temple could not be the ſame which influence the heathens in the ſituation of their temples. Therefore, we may reaſonably account for their ſituation, by ſuppoſing that when the tabernacle was erected, MOSES, purſuing the practice of the Egyptians, who always inculcated their religious documents by means of allegory and ſymbol, foreſeeing the difficulties which he would have to encounter before he ſhould arrive in the promiſed land, and having already experienced

enced the inſtability of the Iſraelites, cauſed the tabernacle to be erected *eaſt* and *weſt*, to excite in them a firm reliance on the omnipotence of that GOD, who had then lately wrought ſo great a miracle in their favour by cauſing a wind to blow firſt *eaſt* and then *weſt*, whereby they ſafely eſcaped from the Egyptians upon dry land, even through the midſt of a ſea, which nevertheleſs overwhelmed and totally deſtroyed their purſuers. And as they were liable to meet with many diſtreſſes in their ſojourniment in the wilderneſs, ſo, as oft they ſhould behold the ſituation of the tabernacle, their faith might be ſtrengthened, and by a firm reliance on ALMIGHTY GOD, they might be enabled to proceed with reſolution and chearfulneſs. And as the tabernacle was at that time to be a conſtant exhortion to them, from that great inſtance of Omnipotence, to confide in GOD under all their embarraſſments, ſo, the temple, afterwards built by SOLOMON, in the ſame form and ſituation, was to be a laſting monument to their poſterity, of the mighty works the LORD had performed in conducting their forefathers out of their captivity into the promiſed land. And this alſo may be deemed a very ſufficient reaſon, why places for chriſtian worſhip, after the pattern of the ſaid tabernacle and temple, have ever been, and ſtill are, generally erected in the ſame manner; for as human creatures we, as well as our forefathers, ſtand in need to be continually reminded of our weakneſs, and a neceſſary conſtant dependence, on an omnipotent all-gracious BEING.

To the Editor.

SIR,

THE liberal reception which you have vouchſafed to my former communications, has emboldened me to entreat your indulgence in behalf of a ſketch of Cromwell's hiſtory, traced by the pen of Kotzebue: a ſketch which is as novel in its execution, as it is illuſtrative, in a ſupreme degree, of the parallel which has been ſo frequently drawn between the former protector of England, and the preſent deſpot of France.

I am, ſir,
Your much obliged,
and moſt obedient ſervant,
S. H.

Sketch of Cromwell's Hiſtory.

THE generality of mankind read hiſtory as they would a romance, and imagine that reliance is to be placed on all its ſtatements. This is far from being the reader's fault alone: its origin is aſcribable to the hiſtorian himſelf. It is the ſame with them as with thoſe portrait-painters, who, anxious to form a finiſhed work from the delineation of the counterpart, whoſe peculiar features only they ought to copy, inſenſibly introduce ſo many touches which are the mere creation of their own fancy, that at length all reſemblance is deſtroyed. By this erroneous method they annihilate one of the moſt eſſential advantages reſulting from the ſtudy of hiſtory. It appears to me, that a ſure means of remedying this error, would be to re-analyſe and ſketch anew thoſe characters which hiſtorians have grouped according to their own taſte, as we would reduce a portrait, whoſe effect is deſtroyed by falſe colouring, to a drawing in which its genuine form ſhould re-appear. Eſteeming this idea not unimportant, I have tried its operation upon one of the moſt remarkable characters which modern hiſtory preſents; and ſhould my attempt meet approbation, it ſhall be followed by other not leſs intereſting profiles.

CROMWELL—who, during a revolution of which he was not the author, ſoon raiſed himſelf to be generaliſſimo

neraliſſimo of the parliament—poſſeſſed perſonal bravery. With twelve horſemen he cut his way through the royal camp before Hull, and loſt not a man, although expoſed to the inceſſant fire of his enemies. In the firſt engagement where he was preſent, he was wounded both in his foot and ſhoulder, and had his horſe ſhot under him: he mounted another, and ruſhing with fifteen horſemen into the midſt of the enemy's ranks, created a dreadful carnage.—At the battle of Marſtenmoor, he took two ſtandards and an enſign, and received another wound; at that of Edgehill, he was always in the thickeſt of the fight.—In the battle of York, he was carried wounded off the field: but no ſooner did he learn that his party were put to flight, than, regardleſs of his wounds, he flung himſelf on the ſhore, and meeting the retreating general, cried out to him, 'Not here, lord Mancheſter, but there is the enemy to be found!' Anew the beaten turned upon their adverſaries, and gained the victory.—He was frequently ſurrounded by the enemy at the battle of Leeds, and ſaved himſelf by his perſonal bravery alone: five horſes were killed under him, and with his own arm he ſlew twelve officers.—Thrice he ſtormed Drogheda without effect: and then, ſnatching a ſtandard out of an enſign's hand, amidſt ſhowers of muſketry, he planted it himſelf before the walls of the town.

Cromwell was a hypocrite.—He pretended to be inflamed with zeal for religion, recommended a diligent peruſal of the holy ſcripture to his paraſites and all his ſoldiers, conſtantly preached from the chancel with his ſword by his ſide, never failed to go to church on Sundays, and there to place himſelf in a ſituation where he might be ſeen by every one, and have his devotion admired. But notwithſtanding this zeal, he tolerated every ſect, and ſtrove to make their leaders his friends.

Cromwell was greedy of rule, and ambitious of glory, and yet wiſhed it to appear that he did not govern by force, but was the faviour of the kingdom.—Choſen by him, and obedient to his commands, the parliament pretended to reward his ſervices in the name of the people, and aſſigned to him all the revenues of their martyred ſovereign, his poſſeſſions and chattels, not excepting thoſe of the queen, the biſhops, and the clergy, with the confiſcated eſtates of the king's friends; and yet the nation was oppreſſed by heavy taxes.—He was more powerful than any king before him, and arrogated to himſelf the dominion of the ſeas, although he was obliged to diſplace the earl of Warwick, one of his warmeſt friends.—At his inſtance the crown was offered to him; and he refuſed it, becauſe the protectorate afforded a wider field for dominion, and a leſs for hatred. But he was alſo, like a king, inveſted with the dignity of protector in Weſtminſter cathedral, and his inſignia alſo were, a globe, a ſword, and a toga and cap of ermine.

Cromwell was overbearing and deſpotic. Much as he was accuſtomed to deride the threats of others, yet he was implacable towards thoſe who deſpiſed his own.———In the face of the commiſſioners of parliament, he cauſed the king to be arreſted in the iſle of Wight.—He ſuddenly ſurrounded the houſe of commons with his guards in November, 1648, entered it, and arreſted forty-one members. In vain an univerſal cry was raiſed againſt this unprecedented outrage. On another occaſion he contented himſelf with writing a ſhort note to the ſpeaker, in theſe words: 'diſſolve the parliament in my name, for the good of the commonwealth requires it ſhould immediately ſeparate.'—When the commons attempted to deprive him of the diploma of protector, he himſelf

felf threw it down upon the table: 'What man amongſt ye all,' he exclaimed, 'has the heart to take it away from there?' and in the ebullition of his rage, he at the ſame time dathed his watch againſt the floor, and cried aloud, 'thus will I break you!'—He thought fit to rid himſelf of the upper houſe, and thence the generous Fairfax reſigned his dignities, and, reſolving to interfere no longer in the government, retired to his ſeat in the neighbourhood of London.—Cromwell then appointed a council of ſtate, conſiſting of forty members, and compoſed of his relations and creatures, which was obliged to obey his every whim.—Propoſals of peace from the Dutch he abſolutely refuſed to hear of in any other place than London.

Cromwell was ungrateful.—When he came to London, in 1628, and found that the credit of the duke of Buckingham, his firſt patron, was on the wane, inſtantly he turned his back upon him, and kept him at a diſtance,—To his old faithful preceptor, Long, he gave a cool and haughty reception, becauſe he differed with him in opinion.

Cromwell was revengeful and blood thirſty.—He precipitated the fall of the earl of Stafford, becauſe that nobleman ſaw his deſigns.—He brought the archbiſhop of Canterbury to the ſcaffold, becauſe he hated him.—The brave, the good, the adored Montroſe, was outlawed by him, and, when taken, fell a victim to his malignity, although ſovereigns interceded in his behalf; for Cromwell felt that if he was not his ſuperior in talents, he was it at leaſt in virtue.—He ordered two men to be executed at Colcheſter, becauſe one of his favourites was inimical to them.—The earl of Darby and above thirty noblemen and magiſtrates were beheaded on account of their loyalty to their ſovereign.—The duke of Buckingham was ſent to the tower, becauſe he had rejected the hand of Cromwell's daughter.—The execution of lord Holland, and even that of the king, he coolly beheld from a window, with his arms repoſing on ſilk cuſhions.

Cromwell pretended to eſteem the arts and learned men; but, as is uſual with all tyrants, inwardly deteſted them.—After the fall of Cambridge, he ordered its profeſſors to be caned.—He committed the library of ſcarce oriental manuſcripts at Oxford to the flames, becauſe they were a preſent from his enemy the archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Cromwell was extremely irritable in reſpect to ſatyrical part.—His connection with Mazarin was, for inſtance, lampooned in a pamphlet, entitled, 'Europe crucified between Two Thieves.'—In vain Cromwell uſed his utmoſt endeavours to ſuppreſs ſuch writings: they increaſed daily, and cauſed him many a reſtleſs night.

Cromwell plundered foreign powers whenever he felt himſelf the ſtrongeſt, and although they had done him no injury.—Thus he compelled the grand duke of Tuſcany to pay him 60,000 piſtoles, and Portugal was forced to purchaſe his alliance by a preſent of 200,000 piſtoles.

Cromwell was in conſtant danger by conſpiracies.—One was headed by a foreign ambaſſador, the French reſident De Bas; whilſt on another occaſion a mine was laid under his chapel. Theſe induced him to adopt a variety of precautions: he eſtabliſhed a guard called the Red Brethren, never ſlept two nights in one chamber, employed ſpies at an expenſe of nearly 60,000 pounds, was always armed, and ſurrounded by his moſt faithful adherents. He made no ſcruple to ſeize thoſe of whom he ſtood in fear, in foreign countries, and had them brought to London and beheaded. So it happened to Henry Hyde, Charles the IId's ambaſſador,

who

who was, by his orders, carried off from Conſtantinople. He had, however, a good excuſe for ambaſſadricide, as Doreſlaw, one of king Charles's judges, was, when plenipotentiary at the Hague, muadered by thirty villains maſked: the ſame fate befel alſo Aſham, in Spain. His relations were appointed judges over thoſe whom he wiſhed to be found innocent. Thus it was when the king's papers were found amongſt Buckingham's baggage, and in Hamilton's pockets, after the battle of Leeds.

Cromwell created a new rank of nobility, and thoſe who belonged to it were called harp lords, from their being obliged to quarter a harp with their coats of arms.

Cromwell perſecuted the unfortunate ſurvivors of the houſe of Stuart, and expreſſly declared to Mazarin, that no alliance with himſelf could take place whilſt they were protected and ſheltered.

Cromwell was extremely fortunate, for every circumſtance favoured his elevation. The emperor and empire had made peace with France and Sweden in 1648, and all equally needed repoſe. Spain, exhauſted by a war of nearly a hundred years, had loſt Portugal, and was haraſſed both by Maſaniello, in Naples, and the rebellious inhabitants of Calabria and Rouſſillon. Portugal, whoſe independence was but in its infancy, cultivated England's friendſhip. The old infirm pope, Innocent, was governed by his niece, donna Olympia, who, from her cupidity, was called the harpy of the church. Veniee was engaged in warfare, loſt Crete, and was obliged to maintain an army in Dalmatia at enormous expenſe. Tuſcany's policy and economy made her ſhun all broils. Savoy was governed by a child under the regency of its French mother. The Swiſs, enveloped by their mountains, cared nought for external affairs. Denmark's magnanimity would have led her to do more for Charles the Iſt and IId, had ſhe not been too feeble, and at variance with Sweden. The latter wiſhed to deſtroy the power of Denmark, and therefore courted an alliance with England. Ruſſia and Pruſſia had then but trivial influence in the ſcale of politics: and, laſtly, France was torn by civil commotions. It can therefore be no longer a matter of aſtoniſhment that, under ſuch circumſtances as theſe, a man who was poſſeſſed of courage, activity, prudence, fertility of reſources, cunning, boldneſs, and the gift of perſuaſion—in ſhort, ſuch a man as Cromwell, ſhould ſucceed in his undertakings.

However, it was not on all occaſions that Cromwell was ſucceſsful.—In St. Domingo three thouſand Engliſhmen were killed, two thouſand wounded, and the remainder forced to re-embark.—He was obliged to retire from before the ſmall fortreſs of Duncannon, without having been able to take it by ſtorm. He ſometimes conceived vaſt, but chimerical projects.—When Dunkirk fell into his hands, he thought, with an army of forty thouſand men and a fleet of fifty ſail, to ſubjugate all Europe.—He required the Dutch alſo to chooſe him as their protector, and thus to conſolidate their republic with the pretended commonwealth of England.—It has even been aſſerted, that he once formed a plan for deſtroying Rome, and bringing the treaſures of Loretto, together with the pope himſelf, to London.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Anecdote of an Attorney.

MR. B. the attorney, and namefake of a famous robber, had occaſion to get ſome repairs done to his better part, namely his ugly corpſe. He was ſet to rights by fair doctoring:

ing; and, after many delicate hints reſpecting the doctor's recompenſe being given him, that a doctor ſhould be paid for his cure as well as the attorney for his trouble in deſtroying. 'I'll tell you,' replied this ſage expoſitor of the law, 'there is an act of parliament, by which any man without a degree and faculty from the college of phyſicians preſcribing medicines, incurs penalty; and tell that gentleman, that when he attended me, he was not a graduate, and that he is indebted to my mercy if I do not enforce the law againſt him for his tranſgreſſion.'

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

On Chriſtmas Day, Dec. 25, 1807.

AT this ſolemn ſeaſon commemorative of a Saviour's love for fallen man, how pleaſing and inſtructive to retrace and reconſider its divine origin: year after year thus employed, will paſs away with new delight: and each returning feſtival of our Saviour's nativity, yield unſpeakable happineſs. Reflection will awaken in the breaſt of the true chriſtian, gratitude, adoration, and love, in contemplating the unſpeakable mercies thus wonderfully beſtowed on him by his lord and maſter, ſubmitting to human infirmities, and as on this day, becoming one of the ſons of men.

And is it not a theme noble enough, even for the contemplation of angels and archangels, and all the company of Heaven? Yes, truly, as no inſtance has, or ever can occur to equal it, whether we conſider its extent of embracing the ſalvation of millions even of a fallen world, and reſtoring to the favour of an offended and incenſed Deity, creatures that would be for ever loſt but for this act of divine love; or whether we conſider it in relation to the perſonage it introduces, no leſs than the Son of God, who, as the apoſtle ſays, thought it no robbery to be equal with God. That a part of the Divinity ſhould viſit the world formed by himſelf, and take upon him the form of a ſervant, and though the whole world was his, not to have ſo much in it as where to lay his head: he, the ever-to-be-adored ſecond perſon in the glorious Trinity, to become a man of ſorrow, and acquainted with grief, we are loſt in the compariſon of this innumerable tranſition from the right-hand of the Majeſty moſt high, where there is joy unſpeakable to be for evermore. Such an extraordinary inſtance of divine love, a theme grand enough to employ the tongues and pens of men and angels. Thoſe divine ſpirits, who were already ſecure in heavenly joys, muſt admire with wonder and aſtoniſhment, the ſubject of this day's conſideration; but man—loſt man, it was for him 'glad tidings of great joy,' being the only way he could ever arrive at Heaven. The bottomleſs pit lay open before his view, juſt ready to receive his departing ſpirit; hell ſeemed enlarging its boundaries to an unlimited extent. Adam's diſobedience was to receive its full puniſhment, and his poſterity to forfeit Heaven and happineſs for this breach of duty, until the Son of Righteouſneſs aroſe with healing on his wings.

About eighteen centuries have now elapſed ſince the followers of our Heſſed Saviour firſt commemorated this joyful event, under the moſt cruel perſecutions. Has the chriſtian church uniformly celebrated the birth of its divine maſter, even when the Heathen ruled not only over provinces and kingdoms, but the world at large? Chriſtians in thoſe days uninterruptedly preſerved the celebration of this great feſtival amongſt themſelves; but in our days, the kings of the earth are at leaſt nominally chriſtians, and do not oppoſe but afford their acquieſcence and ſupport, in aid

aid of this primitive and chriſtian inſtitution.

From ſuch a proſpect, differing indeed materially from the difficulties the chriſtian church had early to encounter with, one would naturally imagine that the annual celebration of our bleſſed Redeemer's birth would not be, as it muſt be allowed it is, too frequently a ſolemn mockery. How often, alas! does the nature of a ſinful creature like ourſelves more engage our attention than the Lord of life and glory. It muſt, however, to the truly pious and ſincere chriſtian be nevertheleſs matter of the higheſt conſolation, when he duly conſiders the conſequences reſulting from the nativity of his bleſſed Lord and Saviour; how aſtoniſhing, how unbounded his love to deſcend on earth, to be ſubject to our infirmities, and to meet with the ſevereſt trials and afflictions.

How blind muſt the Chriſtian imagine the Jews to have been, who were the favoured witneſſes of his miracles, the conſtant hearers of his parables, and ſaw him daily in the temple, yet would not (infatuated people) acknowledge him as the true Meſſiah, who was to come into the world.

How beautiful is his appearance on earth foretold in the prophecy of Iſaiah, when the prophet comforts Ahaz, king of Judah, in telling him that he would prevail againſt the kings who intended to deſtroy him. In Iſaiah, 9 chap. is this convincing paſſage, fully confirming the birth of our Saviour, many centuries before his appearance on earth, and that minutely even from the Almighty himſelf.

Ver. 10. Moreover, the Lord ſpake again to Ahaz, ſaying,

11. Aſk thee a ſign of the Lord thy God; aſk it either in the depth or in the height above.

12. But Ahaz ſaid, I will not aſk; neither will I tempt the Lord.

13. And he ſaid, hear ye now, O houſe of David; is it a ſmall thing for you to weary men, but will ye weary my God alſo.

14. Therefore the Lord himſelf will give you a ſign. Behold a Virgin ſhall conceive and bear a Son, and ſhall call his name Immanuel.

But the ſacred volume contains innumerable paſſages to prove him the Son of God, the promiſed Meſſiah, the word by whom the world was formed.

Surely then, ſo many prophecies concerning him, his merit, extraordinary miracles when on earth, his wiſdom far above all human wiſdom and foreſight, are circumſtances combined together which ſhould ſink deep in our hearts; and as he evidently came to ſave fallen man, and has left on record a teſtament, wherein his commands are made known unto him, and means of ſalvation therein fairly offered, ſhould not a ſolemnity, peculiarly at this time, diſtinguiſh the Chriſtian character?

Little I am confident will the mere name of Chriſtian avail in that day, when the now-deſpiſed and almoſt forgotten Saviour will come in the clouds of Heaven with glory and great power to take vengeance on his rebellious ſubjects. How can we better celebrate his birth than by purſuing that peace, good will and charity, which he particularly and emphatically enforced and recommended.

Therefore let this ſeaſon, generally more inclement than any ſeaſon of the year, be a time of charity and benevolence to our fellow-creatures, when the chilling blaſt, the piercing pityleſs ſtorm, the frozen world ſeems to threaten the extenſion of the vital ſpark (through its intenſe cold) of our neceſſitous brethren, who have not the means of comfort, nor bleſſed with the good things of this life. Let the Chriſtian indeed in whom there is no guile, whom Providence has bleſſed

with

with abundance, ſhare thoſe comforts with the ſons and daughters of affliction. May not the charitable diſpoſed juſtly exclaim, my Saviour looked with pity upon me, and why ſhould I not look with pity on my poor brethren?

Ye rich conſider the various objects that preſent themſelves for your relief; behold the confined debtor perhaps once in affluence as well as you, enjoying not only the comforts but the luxuries of the vain world; conſider how ſuch muſt feel the ſad reflection of the years that have paſſed by, when proſperity dawned upon him. How is imagination more forcible than all the calendars that announce his Saviour's birth, point out to him the ſad reverſe of the preſent feſtival; perhaps to add to his affliction, the friends of his proſperity, who eat his bread, and ſhared the abundance of his once-overflowing table, now turns from the recollection of ſuch a perſon as an object of diſguſt; though he has nothing to pay, his unrelenting creditor ceaſes not to perſecute him: the grated window of his priſon ſhuts him completely out from ſociety; his offſpring daily ſtare their unfortunate parent in the face, naturally looking to him for that ſupport he is utterly unable to afford.

Ye rich, I again repeat, take away in part the gloom, pour medicine into the broken heart, have bowels of compaſſion, and viſit this outcaſt—it is your Saviour's inſtruction, and if you love him, you will keep his commandments. Your Saviour, even the Lord whoſe birth you commemorate, and whoſe name you are proud to own, deſires, nay commands you, to cloath the naked, to feed the hungry, to viſit the priſoner and the captive.

How high-ſeaſoned will be your Chriſtmas entertainments when you ſhare with the poor and needy, thoſe from whom you expect no return. How will you enjoy the comforts of a chearing fire, when you have been the inſtrument of affording a warmth to your ſhivering brother? How will you enjoy your purple and fine linen, when reflection, happy reflection tells you, I have cloathed the naked, there is no Lazarus at my gate in vain endeavouring to gain admittance? How will you enjoy the bleſſing of health, when you conſider you have been the inſtrument of providing medicine and medical relief for thoſe who were unable to procure it for themſelves?

How different are ſuch enjoyments to thoſe which the voluptuary, the ſenſualiſt, and the glutton promiſe themſelves; if theſe can be called enjoyments it is paſſing from them, borne on the ſwift pinions of time—their commemoration of a Saviour's love, when only marked by exceſs, will never be acknowledged by him, whatever their Chriſtian profeſſion may be.

Though Providence may give ſuch characters their full period of three ſcore and ten, yet alas! if not better ſpent, what will avail them their ſojourning here below ſo long. For ſuch has our bleſſed Lord appeared in vain—for ſuch he might as well never have been born. But let the pious with far different ſentiments look forward for renewals of this high feſtival, and let the only alteration with them be at each return, that if Providence encreaſes their worldly goods, they will alſo extend their acts of charity and mercy, remembering the words of their bleſſed Saviour, that in as much as they ſhew mercy and charity unto one of the leaſt of their brethren, they do it unto their Saviour and their King.

Thus ſhall I cloſe my annual theme, on a ſubject which the greateſt writer muſt confeſs his inability to do juſtice to, hoping that if I am on earth next feſtival, I ſhall devote another page or two to the Lord, through whom alone I hope for mercy.

W. P.

Abbey-Boyle, Dec. 25, 1807.

The

The Shamrock of October.

A Rural Wreath for his Majesty.

HIS majesty this month enters into the forty-eighth year of his reign, which is longer than any of the preceding kings of England governed, except Henry the third; while it is to be remembered part of the government of Henry, during his minority and weakness, was only nominal, whereas that of his present majesty has been all personal and real. The illustrious house of Brunswick has given to Britain three of its best sovereigns, distinguished by the greatness of their qualifications, and the moderation of their characters; none of the princes of this gracious family, who have swayed the British sceptre, having attempted to rule in an arbitrary manner, and George the third less than any of them. From the commencement of his auspicious reign, there has prevailed the greatest harmony between him and his parliament, which would not have been the case, if he had not conducted himself by constitutional maxims.—At the same time it were an error to imagine his moderation proceeds from weakness, being only a machine in the hands of his ministers; many instances of his government prove the contrary, and that he is not less disposed to adopt wise counsels, than he is capable of resisting the imprudent suggestions of ambitious demagogues, when they interfere with the interests of his people, and the bonds of his coronation oath. During his reign, were performed those memorable voyages round the world, which have already been attended with such important benefits to the science of geography, and may eventually contribute to the accomplishment of those prophecies in the scriptures, which ensure to our divine Redeemer the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. Most of the penal laws against catholics, once so necessary, have been repealed, and if the whole of them be not abrogated, it is perhaps because this cannot be done, consistently with the power of the state continuing protestant, as it ought to do: yet should the cabinet of London, in its wisdom and grace, ever come to think differently on this momentous question, so as to have no objection to the ultimate claims of our catholic brethren, we shall have none neither. Great Britain and Ireland are now not only under the same crown, but under the same legislature, by a measure which has perfected their political connection, and provided for the mutual welfare of both nations. His majesty possessing the greatest naval power in the world, the fleets of his enemies have been annihilated by a succession of victories unexampled in history; while it is reasonable to suppose, with such means of defence, he shall maintain his preponderance on the watery element, and the genius of England always rule the waves. Our gracious sovereign has been a most munificent patron of learning, and for conjugal affection no praise can do him justice, though the latter virtue may be owing to the exquisite charms and amiable endowments of his royal consort. There may have been princes superior to our king, with regard to the talents which attract the admiration of the mind; but there never was a monarch who excelled him in the qualities which excite the esteem of the heart. With the purity of a Hezekiah, he joins the benignity of a Trajan: the historian will dwell with a peculiar delight on the blessings of his administration, after he shall have received his heavenly and everlasting crown.

On Sturm, the German Meditant.

THIS excellent German philosopher deserves a place in our Shamrocks, on account of his useful and admirable

admirable compoſitions, entitled, Reflections for every Day in the Year, on the Works of God and of his Providence, throughout all Nature. They are in fact eſſays following one another in a ſeries, like the papers of the Spectator, and being about the ſame length with them.—Our author ſeems to have been led into his ſpeculations by the writings of Hervey, whom he imitates and excels, even in the points where Hervey is moſt diſtinguiſhed, in piety and benevolence. His Reflections abound with academical learning, elegant deſcriptions, and acute obſervations on the nature of man, but their chief excellence conſiſts in the inſtructive views which they give us of the wiſdom, power, and goodneſs of the Deity. At the ſame time, together with thoſe genuine beauties, they contain ſeveral defects. One is, the miſtake of the author, with regard to the ſeaſons: it is diſguſting to hear him talk of winter, as if it was preſent in March, and the hope of ſpring, when ſpring has already commenced: the ſolſtice of December is really the middle of winter, and conſequently February muſt be the beginning of ſpring. Another defect of our meditant is, that many of his ſentiments are too refined for human life. 'Behold,' ſays he, 'the figures which the froſt has drawn upon that glaſs; they are varied with art and prettineſs. Yet a ray of the meridian ſun effaces them. It is thus that fancy often paints every thing to us in the faireſt light, but all that it repreſents to us moſt ſeducing in the poſſeſſion of worldly goods, are merely fine images, which diſappear by the light of reaſon.' Sentiments of this kind look pretty enough upon paper, but they are themſelves merely the fine images, which vaniſh by the light of reaſon. Neither reaſon nor ſcripture is adverſe to a temperate purſuit of ſecular bleſſings, the deſign of our Maker being to prepare us by religion and virtue for the indeſcribable delights of Heaven, without diſengaging our affections entirely from the comfortable accommodations of our probationary ſtate. There is ſtill a third objection to our philoſopher, he contends for every thing that is made being beneficial; whereas the earth has been chequered with various evils, in order to employ human induſtry in obviating them.—Sturm, however, with all his faults, will ever be a favourite author with the public: his ſubjects are naturally captivating, and there is a remarkable energy in his manner of treating them. Many will be ſurpriſed, that a German could compoſe ſuch excellent eſſays, in peruſing which their natural prejudices will vaniſh. Undoubtedly the writers of Great Britain and Ireland are preferable to all others, yet ſome of the authors of other nations come very near them, in which number our meditant may juſtly be claſſed. His name in all probability will be immortal: the reader however is not to expect any wit in his Reflections, which are conſtantly ſerious and edifying.

An Ode for October.

DESCEND, Benevolence, and ſweep
The chords of this autumnal lyre,
Make ſorrow laugh, and laughter weep,
As the alternate notes require.
The harveſts from the rural plain,
Demand a thankful chearful ſtrain;
While woods affected by decay,
Suggeſt a ſober penſive lay.

The plum, the apple, and the pear,
The gardens of the wealthy grace;
Viſit the winding glen, and there
The nut preſents a tawny face:
Sweet honey from the comb diſtills,
New grain employs the buſy mills;
The conſcious ſwains are grateful found,
While ſongs of linnets riſe around.

Hail, Nature, by divine command
The ſource of unexhauſted good:
Hail, Induſtry, by whoſe rough hand
Nature yields more abundant food.
If here the virtuous ſometimes mourn,
To higher proſpects let them turn;
Believing they who ſow in tears,
Shall reap the joy of endleſs years.

Hilſy-vania. AGLAUS.

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

Sketch of a Journey through Part of Ireland. (Continued from Page 619.)

THESE buildings when compleated, will benefit this thriving inland town very much. There is in Longford an endowed diocefan fchool near the church, a plain building of three ftories, very fuitable for the undertaking: I could, however, during my fhort ftay, hear the inhabitants complain, that they feldom had a good teacher in it: this, if true, is fhameful neglect. There is alfo an infirmary, a new building, built with mountain ftone and bricked at the windows, which has a pretty effect; the windows are regular and have correfponding ones oppofite. This building is not very extenfive—two ftories high, but is a light ftructure, feemingly well adapted for valetudenarians. Proceeding onwards I foon arrived at the fmall town of New-town-Forbes, with no object of any note intervening: a large tract of bog filled up the fpace between it and Longford, which is but two fhort miles. This town is the refidence of the earl of Granard, from whofe family it takes the name of Forbes.—The town is compofed of very few houfes, all of one ftory, and thatched, if we except two or three, which are two ftories, and flated. I was much pleafed with the appearance of the church; it is built about the centre of the town, is a very neat building with a fmall tower, but no fpire, nicely planted with ever-greens and other fhrubs in front, with a light railing to the ftreet, exactly oppofite to the Roman catholic chapel, a new building which makes a very decent appearance. Juft adjoining to the church, are the gates of lord Granard, which lead to Caftle Forbes, his lordfhip's refidence. The houfe is an old building, but very lofty and roomy, is in an elevated fituation:—his lordfhip is improving his demefne very much; he is alfo enclofing it with a wall of above fix feet high, which reaches a confiderable way. The manfion, as I before obferved, being on a hill, is not hid from the view of the traveller, as it otherwife would, but for its fite. I am no admirer of thefe heavy walls—they almoft preclude any view of the improvements from the obfervation of the traveller; and furely their proprietors might be as fecure with nice hedges and railing, as by

"Laboured quarries above ground. Pope.

Caftle Forbes, however, feems much improved; good ground in the demefne and well planted, with the addition of a lake at the rere of the houfe. Journeying ftill further, at the diftance of two or three miles, I arrived at the village of Ruſky: this little village is entirely off the road, compofed of a few houfes, and you muft turn on your left, over a lofty bridge of fix or feven arches to go into it. The river (I believe the Shannon) makes a bold appearance. This town and neighbourhood formerly was the refidence of the Nefbitts, fome of whom ſtill live near it; but many houfes they formerly inhabited are in a decayed ſtate—and pleafure-houfes, fifhing-temples, &c. on the river and its banks, too vifibly point out that neglect has contributed to their prefent decaying and ruinous ſituation. This river has fome weirs for catching eels, of which the inhabitants there are very fond: fome, I am informed, breakfaſting on thoſe water ſerpents—it abounds however with other delicious fifh. I have paſſed by this way in winter, when it made a much bolder appearance; and the country and river about Ruſky, ſeemed well calculated for the fowler as well as the fifher. 'Tis a pity this place is not better inhabited; there are many ſituations about it that are really beautiful; but, as in other

other parts of Ireland, want of population prevents their being improved. I now left the county of Longford, and made my entrance into the county of Leitrim: the firſt place of any note is the ſmall village of Drumod, compoſed of a few houſes; ſome old ruins appeared on the borders of the lake, romantic enough.—This village is at the bottom of a hill, which is a great ſteep, and very dangerous; many accidents have happened here, the road paſſing juſt over it. There prevailed a great predilection amongſt our anceſtors, of carrying their roads through the ſummits of the higheſt hills; the inconvenience of which, I was happy to obſerve, is now doing faſt away, by the new roads now generally through Ireland, which though they may be more circuitous by being carried through the vallies, yet will be paſſed over in a ſhorter time than thoſe ſtupendous hills, and ſave the paſſenger much dread and anxiety in journeying. I ſee that at the hill of Drumod, they are directing the road through the valley, which when complete, will be of infinite ſervice. Here I obſerved a number of perſons on the road, which I ſoon diſcovered compoſed a funeral, from the hideous yells which accompanied them. The barbarous cuſtom of roaring aloud at funerals, though ſtill continued in ſome places, yet is faſt doing away; and the inhabitants adopting the more decent way of carrying the frail emblem of mortality with ſilent ſolemnity to his native duſt. The melancholy reflections which the thoughts of death generally occaſion to me when excited by this laſt proceſſion to the narrow houſe of all living, were ſoon diſpelled by the other objects which preſented themſelves, and I got on at a tolerable pace until I arrived at a place called Aughamore, remarkable for a good houſe of entertainment, kept by a perſon of the name of M'Dermott. Here it was pleaſing to refreſh after paſſing through a country of ſome miles, unimproved and thinly inhabited. Aughamore is compoſed of only two or three houſes, and a Roman Catholic chapel. I was much ſurpriſed at the numbers I ſaw going to maſs there, conſidering the uninhabited appearance of the country I had paſſed through, which made me naturally conjecture that thoſe poor people came from afar. At a ſmall diſtance onward convenient to the road is the river Shannon, which I ſhall notice again in my journey, as it preſents itſelf often to view (and always with delight) in the county of Leitrim.—I now came to the ſmall village of Annaduff: the pariſh church, with ſhingled roof and ſcarce any windows, made me imagine it was a very poor pariſh; however, I fear I was wrong in this conjecture, as the clergyman's houſe on the hill was a very handſome object, and certainly indicated that its owner was not one of the pooreſt of the ſons of Levi: he may not however draw all his revenues from the mouldering church of Annaduff; but having other benefices, a thing not unfrequent in Ireland.—Whether it furthers the cauſe of chriſtianity, or is conformable to apoſtolic diſcipline, I ſhall ſubmit to the heads of the church, whoſe duty it is to provide for the labourers in the vineyard, though they may think proper not to give equally to each a *penny*, no doubt from the moſt ſpiritual motives. I would however recommend to the pariſhioners of Annaduff, to erect decent houſe of prayer on the preſent ſite, which, from monumental fragments and ruins, ſeems to have a claim from antiquity not to be neglected. Proceeding about a mile further I reached the neat village of Drumſna:—this place is remarkable for a very excellent ſpa, which was formerly very much frequented from all parts of the kingdom,

dom, but has been deserted of late very much. The ball-room, &c. built at the well, of course is neglected and getting fast to decay. This little villege is pleasantly situated; the river Shannon swells to a great extent, over which there is a good stone bridge, and a place for building boats, some of which I saw on the Shannon of a large size. I could not however learn that it extended so as to promote any trade to this place.—Just as you leave this village commences the demesne of a mr. King, called Charlestown; the wall surrounding it is of a moderate size, so as not to intercept the view. The house is an old building, not according with the modern rules of architecture; however, it seems a comfortable residence: the situation is truly picturesque—the river Shannon meandering at the rere of the mansion, with the advantage of stately well-grown trees on each side of its banks, until you lose this beautiful object in the thick covert of the wood. The demesne wall extends about a mile; and as it commences at the extremity of Drumsna, so does it end at the entrance of a small town called Jamestown. This was formerly a walled town: from its name is is easily conjectured that it was built by king James—some of the walls are still standing, and being overspread with ivy, present a pleasing ruin. The ruins of an old barrack are still observable, and one of the old gates standing, under whose lofty arch the road passes. As much as I respect antiquity, from the many fissures that appear in the wall of this postern, added to its being a very heavy piece of workmanship, that may by its own weight tumble, I would recommend to those whom it may more immediately concern, to remove all apprehension by prostrating it. Outside this gate are the ruins of an abbey overspread with ivy; it does not seem, however, to have possessed at any time great claims on observation from its architecture: at present it is made a burial ground of. This town must formerly have been a place of note, but is now a very poor looking place; has no house of worship but a Roman catholic chapel, a new structure, and even that unfinished for years. The new road from Jamestown being compleated, I made no hesitation in pursuing it in preference to the old one, and at length arrived in Carrick on Shannon, which is but two miles from Jamestown, without even meeting a snug farm-house in that extent, of course had nothing to attract attention except my old favourite the Shannon, the view of which I lost at a small distance from Jamestown. On my arrival at Carrick on Shannon, which is the shire town of the county of Leitrim, the first object of note was the barrack at its entrance: it is a small building of three stories, and may possibly accommodate four companies of foot. The town is principally composed of one straggling street, with here and there a tolerable decent house and a multitude of cabins. The session-house is a large building, and formerly served as jail and session-house, but of late years being found insufficient for the former, a large structure on the banks of the Shannon, (which river passes through the town as may be conjectured by its title) has been erected, which for the sake of humanity, will I hope, never be entirely wanting for the purpose of incarceration in this small county. I again digress by quoting the lines of some poet whose name I have forgot, but whose lines are still in memory, being a pleasing contrast for a philanthropist to dwell on.

A single jail in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain.
Blest age———
But ah! how different from our own.

On

On the hill is the church, a neat ſmall building, without a ſteeple.—There is alſo a Roman catholic chapel in the centre of the town, a new and handſome place of worſhip.—Here is alſo a methodiſt houſe: thoſe ſectaries I perceived in my journey were much increaſing, and one good effect followed the promulgation of their doctrines, and a moſt commendable change produced, namely a ſtricter obſervance of the ſabbath as well as a great diminution in the horrid practice of blaſpheming. I cannot join in condemning this deſpiſed claſs of people, who are in deriſion called ſwadlers; their endeavours in the different parts I have travelled through, where they have eſtabliſhed houſes of prayer, I think are not without effect; and in the conſequences tend not only to confirm chriſtianity, but moraliſe alſo thoſe votaries, making them not only better chriſtians, but more peaceable and induſtrious ſubjects. Surely then, the methodiſts not only deſerve toleration, but at leaſt ſhould not be treated with diſreſpect. A new barrack has lately been erected in this town near the new jail, which may contain about two companies; here is alſo a good building, a market houſe, near which is a ball-room for the ſons and daughters of Theſpis in this remote quarter, to ſport the light fantaſtic toe. The trade of this town is ſcarcely any thing; however it would be injuſtice not to add that it is improving much, and to obſerve that the inhabitants, not only of the town, but of the county of Leitrim, are remarked for hoſpitality and attention to ſtrangers.—I ſhall now for this time take my leave of it; but not without regretting that time did not permit me longer to enjoy its greateſt and moſt agreeable object the Shannon. There is a very excellent ſtone bridge of ſixteen arches or more over this majeſtic river; and the view on each ſide would amply repay an aquatic obſerver for a journey of many miles. The Shannon ſwells at either ſide almoſt to a ſea: from one part it takes its courſe until it falls into a lake called Lough quay, near Boyle, which I ſhall notice hereafter. On the centre of the bridge is the boundary of Rolcommon and Leitrim, which having paſſed, I found myſelf in the county of Roſcommon.

Proceeding onward, I ſoon arrived at a place called Arcarna; here is a ſmall church which has lately been enlarged (if I may ſo term it) by the addition of a ſteeple of conſiderable height: the tower is of ſmall diameter, but not out of proportion for the church; and I underſtand coſt lord Lorton a ſum of 600l. Should his lordſhip think proper at a future time to add a lofty ſpire, I do not think there would be a grander object from the metropolis to that place. I paſſed by ſome farm-houſes in that neighbourhood, and only made this obſervation, that the farmer, or rather the grazier, (for there is barely what agriculture ſupplies the inhabitants) generally builds a long ſtrait cabin, with two or three glaſs windows and ſtone chimnies for his reſidence. If he thrives, he generally adds another building of the ſame kind in a different direction, making it angular; but ſcarcely ever thinks of elevating or ſlating it. To the right of the road, however, I obſerved a very ſpacious building of two lofty ſtories, with gardens, hot-houſes, &c. There might be a demeſne of about a hundred acres, and as uſual in this country, which is remarkable for walls, well walled in. This ſeat is called Oak-port—was formerly the reſidence of ſome of the French family, afterwards became the ſeat of the preſent earl of Kingſton, but is now the reſidence of a mr. Mullvy, and is really a handſome place. Still journeying further, I arrived at the demeſne wall of lord Lorton; but juſt at its boundary obſerved a ſmall glebe

houſe,

houſe, newly built for the miniſter of the church of Arcarna. He is, I underſtand, his lordſhip's chaplain, and certainly has choſen a very convenient ſituation for the double purpoſes of being near his lordſhip as well as the church. Here, from the lofty walls, I was debarred a pleaſure, which, I am informed, I would otherwiſe have had of viewing his lordſhip's improvements: I could not, however, but venerate the place as I paſſed it by, when recollection pointed it out to be once the reſidence of the good old earl of Kingſton. I got two glimpſes at the demeſne in paſſing, from two gates with porter's lodges on the road, one of which is compoſed of hammered ſtone of a blue colour, which though it muſt have been attended with much labour and expence in the erection, is a heavy ſtructure: this, I could learn, was the grand entrance; the other gate, about a mile farther, was compoſed of two pillars, with a plain iron gate and a wicket; but as all travellers have noticed the plains of Boyle, (as they are called) I ſhall juſt hurry over a feint deſcription of them by obſerving, that they extend from nearly oppoſite to Rockingham, the reſidence of lord Lorton, for many miles acroſs the country—are compoſed of fine level grounds, and interſected with walls of from five to ſix feet high, which the followers of Nimrod here, in purſuing the timorous hare, think nothing of bounding over—marvellous, nay almoſt incredible feats of horſemanſhip are conſtantly narrated in thoſe parts. The plains of Boyle are certainly well deſerving of the praiſes which have been beſtowed on them. Before I enter the town of Boyle, I muſt juſt ſtate, that about two miles from it you perceive the houſe of lord Lorton; it is not in an elevated ſituation, nor is the building of any great extent or height: it was built by the late Edward, earl of Kingſton, and called by him Kingſton-lodge, and is now inhabited by his grandſon lord Lorton, and called Rockingham. In this demeſne there is a fine well-planted wood of lofty full-grown trees and conſiderable extent, which make a moſt beautiful appearance; and at the rere of the houſe, there is a lake called Lough-quay, into which the Shannon empties itſelf as before mentioned. This lake has been univerſally admired on account of its many iſlands, which, from being well wooded, makes a truly picturesque appearance, on ſome of which are ruins of old churches, &c. but one particularly claims attention, from the late Edward, earl of Kingſton's having erected a very handſome caſtle thereon. This caſtle is in perfect repair, with towers, &c. of the ancient order of architecture, and has been occaſionally the reſidence of ſome branches of the King family.—The ſame peer alſo built a private chapel convenient to his lodge, which is very ornamental; here are to be found gardens, &c. &c. as in other noblemen's demeſnes, but nothing further particularly ſtriking. The preſent proprietor is allowed not to be deficient in taſte for plants and improving. In a ſhort time I arrived at Boyle, which is ſunk very much in a hollow—you ſcarce ſee it until you are in it. This town is compoſed of two ſtreets, interſecting each other at the centre: there is a good ſtone bridge of ſix arches over the river Boyle; on the centre is a pedeſtrian ſtatue, elevated on a pillar; the inſcription ſtates, that ſir Edward King, bart. cauſed it to be erected to the immortal memory of king William the third. The river abounds with trout, and a ſmall kind of fiſh called a ſprat, they ſay peculiar to itſelf. This ſmall fiſh is much eſteemed and caught in great numbers in the ſummer ſeaſon. Here is at the entrance of the town, a ſmall houſe of correction, built by the late Edward, earl of Kingſton.—

Then

There is one tolerably decent ſtreet; at the upper end is the old manſion-houſe of the King family, purchaſed ſome time ſince by government for a barrack: this town is generally head quarters, the barrack containing about 400 men. Oppoſite the barrack-wall, in a field, is built a neat methodiſt-houſe, and further on a ſeſſion-houſe, a plain unornamental, but new ſtructure; and as uſual in country towns, in the upper ſtory, a ball room for amuſement. There are two clergymens' houſes nearly oppoſite, built, I underſtand, out of the revenues of the firſt fruits, plain buildings. I proceeded a ſhort ſpace, and beheld the ruins of an old abbey; this place makes a very venerable appearance: tradition hands it down as being of above ſeven hundred years ſtanding. The monaſtery is in great preſervation, conſidering its being unroofed for centuries, and of courſe expoſed to the weather: it is built in form of a croſs—in the centre, on four lofty arches, is a tower of large diameter; the arches have been much admired, and travellers have generally given them the preference for beauty, ſymmetry, and elevation, to any in the kingdom. The whole building is covered with ivy, and makes an appearance at once awful and romantic. Adjoining the abbey are the ruins of a barrack, built in the time of Oliver Cromwell. But to return to modern religious houſes, I ſhall firſt notice in the town the church, a new ſtructure and not altogether inelegant, has a lofty ſteeple, but no ſpire. In the interior of the church is a handſome monument to the memory of the revered Edward, earl of Kingſton and his counteſs, who are there interred. The ſteeple, however, it muſt be admitted, is entirely out of proportion, which is a great deformity that cannot be removed. The view from the grave-yard is ſtriking, preſenting not only the winding river of Boyle, but alſo the the lake of Lough-quay, with its many beautiful iſlands; alſo a proſpect of the church of Arcarna, which from the elevation of the ſteeple before mentioned, is an intereſting object. There is alſo in this town a new building of a Roman catholic chapel nearly completed; it is a very handſome and extenſive place of worſhip: the altar is ornamented with a very good painting, executed, I underſtand, by a mr. Weſt, of Dublin. The ſubject is the taking down from the croſs: the group of figures are well conceived, and the colours natural and ſtriking. This altar-piece is the gift of Randal M'Donnel, eſq. of Dublin, for which the Roman catholic inhabitants ſeemed very grateful. I ſhall juſt take my leave of this town, but not without noticing the ſeat of a mr. Fry, called Fry-brook, a ſmall avenue banked and quayed by the river ſide, with gate and porter's lodge leading to it. It is a handſome reſidence for a country gentleman, being three ſtories high, with good offices, &c. a lawn in the front nicely planted—the whole laid out with taſte. This ſeat has a very good effect from the bridge, from whence it looks to great advantage; it was the only one I ſaw worthy of notice from lord Lorton's, until I arrived at Boyle. It muſt be admitted, that the town preſents much poverty; and were it not for the money expended by the army quartered there, (having no manufactures or trade, in addition to ſhort diſcouraging leaſes) it would be a truly poor place.

Having thus concluded the ſketch of my journey, I ſhall content myſelf with adding nothing further for the preſent, promiſing occaſionally to furniſh your intereſting and well-regulated miſcellany with further obſervations and remarks on other matters, in preference to the various rival contemporaries you have met with, which may be juſtly ſtiled the ephemerons of the day.

Abbey-Boyle, Nov. 3, 1807. W. P.

Commiſſion of Oyer and Terminer.
Monday, Nov. 2.

THIS day, Henry Malone was again put to the bar, when

Meſſrs. GRADY and BURTON, for the priſoner, on the pannel being called for, enquired if it was ſigned by the ſheriff. It appeared to be ſigned, and fifty ſeven perſons ſummoned had appeared. The court then ordered the pannel to be ſeverally called on fines, when ſeveral additional perſons anſwered, and a great number were fined —ſome in twenty, and others in fifty pounds.

The court was then called upon, to call on the counſel for the crown to make an election as to the ſpecific counts or charges on which they intended to proceed, and to which they intended to apply the evidence. Urging that if this were not done, the priſoner would be confuſed in his defence.

For this purpoſe they cited the caſe of the *King* v. *Young* (in error) from the firſt term reports 196. to ſhew that where an indictment conſiſted of ſeveral diſtinct offences, in caſes not miſdemeanors, if the objection was made in time, the indictment ought to be ſet aſide; and that here the offences charged were diſtinct.

The court ordered the trial to go on, but intimated, that if in the courſe of the trial the offences appeared to be diſtinct and ſeparate, the priſoner ſhould have the benefit of the objection: but alſo intimated that they would receive evidence of all facts, relative to the principal charge of embezzling.

The jury were then called. The priſoner made fourteen challenges peremptorily, and twelve for cauſe. The following freemen and freeholders were ſworn, *viz.*

John Clarke,	Arthur Batterſby,
William Clarke,	Luke Sibthorpe,
Geo. Studdart,	John Smith,
Thomas Abbot,	Thomas Dawſon,
Andw. Richey,	James Read,
Jervis Harriſon,	William Moore.

The priſoner was then given in charge to the jury, on the ſecond indictment, which was in ſubſtance and effect the ſame as the firſt indictment, but laid the offence to have been committed on the 24th, and not, as in the firſt indictment, on the 15th day of July laſt, and with different notes.

The ſolicitor-general ſtated the caſe for the proſecution. He obſerved that the duty he had to diſcharge, and the offence he had to lay before the court, had been already ſtated by the clerk of the crown in reading the indictment. The evidence he had to lay before the court was, in one reſpect, of a direct, in others, of a circumſtantial nature, which it would be impoſſible for either the court or the jury to underſtand, unleſs he apprized them of it by ſtating to them the very clear and perſpicuous caſe with which he had been furniſhed.

This duty he ſaid, would require very little labour, his inſtructions were ſo clear and ſatisfactory. He condemned cenſures which had been inſinuated againſt the governors of the bank, and the under ſheriff of this city, one of the ſolicitors of the bank. This gentleman, he aſſured the court, had declined ſummoning or interfering with the jury, and left the whole to the high ſheriff. Severely he cenſured another information of the leading counſel for the bank, that he had circulated reports to the prejudice of the priſoner. The priſoner he ſtated was paying teller to the bank. He then ſtated the progreſs of a bank note from the delivery of the blank paper by mr. Williams to the engraver; which when returned in ſkeleton he delivers to another officer, mr. Dunleavy, the accountant general, in that office the notes are numbered, lettered, and counterſigned at the left ſide.—The notes are made up into books of one hundred each; and each book has one common letter put on each note; from this office the books are handed to the caſhier's office, kept by mr. Low, and ſigned by him or his deputy, mr. Dezouche, to whom he hands ſufficient for circulation, who becomes reſponſible for the number received. They are then delivered in portions for daily conſumption, to the paying tellers, one of whom was the priſoner, mr.

Malone, whose duty it was to issue those notes to the public, as one of the funds from which each issues to the public. In this statement he confined himself to large notes, from 10*l.* upwards. It was of course his duty to discharge checks on the bank, or dockets produced, bank post bills when due; and to change large notes when they came in, into smaller ones. The receiving teller received the amount of the bills of exchange and lodgment of the day; so that both offices were of great respectability. Both these persons account every evening with mr. Low, so that no teller can have one guinea of bank money outside of the walls, unless by some act of fraud. Before the stamp act, each note paid was cancelled; but since bank notes have been stamped, the notes are re-issued; however the large notes from twenty pounds upwards are now cancelled when received. The manner of accounting with the cashier was the same with both tellers, but the paying teller could call on the receiving teller for whatever cash he wanted. They took credit at telling every day for all they paid, and charged themselves with all they received, each night delivering to mr. Low in a bundle, the balance in his hands. These balances often amounted to seven thousand pounds to each, often in the whole to one hundred thousand pounds; so that before the tax on bank notes the cashier must have depended on the fidelity of the teller, in the slip of paper delivered with the parcel. There was a further precaution, which was, a counting order on the tellers which laid them liable to detection; this was common to both, but one peculiar to the paying teller was, a second account he had to settle with mr. Dezouche, to whom he was to hand his book containing all the notes he had not cut out, with a list of what he had cut out. Here a fraud may be committed, by giving a list of fewer notes than were cut out. This was done by omitting to cut out, numerically from the book, and cutting out in particular places, which as there was no suspicion, could not be easily discovered, as he then described the books kept by the tellers, that is four blotters, containing the transactions of the day, the book used each day is delivered up, and he does not see it for four days, in the interval of which he uses the three others. This blotter, if honestly kept, should have not only an account of the issuing of new notes, but the purpose for which they were issued; as if he paid five hundred pounds it should appear how much in new, how much in old notes: but what must be concluded, should it appear that in paying a thousand pounds it appeared that fifteen hundred pounds was disbursed. He then described 'the issued and cancelled note book,' also a check on the paying teller, which as he said, concluded the history of a bank note. Every day the bank balance their books, and by a standing order, every runner and clerk is to make a discovery of having more or less in his hands, than by his account he is to report it, when an investigation takes place that always discovers the error. The prisoner made one of those errors, disclosed it, and it was rectified.

He then adverted to the habits, conduct and manner of the prisoner, every point of which he would support by evidence, but would state nothing liable to objection. In May 1802, he was engaged in the bank as a clerk, at 50*l.* a-year, and this was the extent of his means. His conduct for years was exemplary, and three years in the bank promoted him first to a receiving and then to a paying teller at an encrease of 12*l.* a year—the strongest illustration of the confidence placed in him; this was Dec. 6, 1803. He was then accurate in his accounts, exemplary in his conduct, religious, and so frugal, his expences never appeared to exceed his means. His uncle was his security, and that uncle was not opulent. In this year, 1807, a change took place in the habits and conduct of the prisoner. It was a metamorphose; his extravagance became notorious. When apprehended he was the proprietor of four horses—horses for the chace, and one entered as a racer. He kept open

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houſe—gave feaſts of three courſes, with the moſt luxuriant wines. Had a reſidence in Ruſſel-ſtreet, a villa in Dundrum—all on a 121*l.* a year. In his lodgings were found a wardrobe of eighteen coats, twenty-five waiſtcoats, thirty-nine pair of ſmall cloaths, and 11 pair of boots.

Here an interruption from the priſoner's counſel that as theſe facts could not appear in evidence they ought not to be ſtated to the jury.

Baron Smith—We think the facts ſtated ought to be given in evidence.

Sol. general—Vindicated his right to lay before the jury facts to ſhew that the priſoner's funds were ſupplied by the plunder of the bank; not, as it would appear, the priſoner had alleged, that he was ſupplied by his uncle. Let him ſhew that if he can.

A ſlovenlineſs in his account will appear.—He was expoſtulated with by mr. D'Olier, he retorted with reſentment. On 23d July, the examiner of the ledger paid and cancelled notes, diſcovered that two bank notes, Nos. 2913 and 2915, each for 500l. appeared to be paid and cancelled on the 15th of July. Theſe notes did not appear on the ledger to have been iſſued till the 16th. The paying teller appeared to be mr. Malone, and on his blotter he charges himſelf to have iſſued theſe notes, and others to amount of 5,200l. marked letter A, dated 25th May. The great fact is, he iſſued them the day after they were paid.—He was examined; he could not account, but ſaid he was not over in his balance on the 15th of July. Malone at the deſire of mr. D'Olier went to mr. Dezouche, but inſtead of explaining to Dezouche, informed him that he had fully ſatisfied mr. D'Olier. Malone was ſent for by mr. Williams, and in preſence of mr. Dunleavy, acknowledged he had been over in his account 1000l.—By order of the governors he was examined by mr. Low, who demanded all the value he had—this was examined. Malone ſaid he would go for other bank notes—he fled without a hat—went to a friend's in Grange-gorman lane, from thence to another houſe, where he remained from the 24th to the 29th of the month. Mr. Low, on counting the balance, found a deficiency of 5314*l.* 15s. 9d. as far as 4000l. this embezzlement can be traced accurately. Two notes of 500l. are the ſubject of the firſt indictment, but are applicable evidence to the preſent indictment. He then ſtated the particulars of the applicability, as it could be proved; it was this, he cut out two notes unaccounted for, and on the 15th they were paid and cancelled in the bank. Theſe were the two notes of 500l. which he entered as iſſued on the 16th.

On the 22d the priſoner in the evening returned his book to mr. Dezouche as perfect: on the 23d it was given back to him, and on that evening he gave it back, and ſtated he had cut out of it the firſt fifteen notes, but his blotter of that day does not ſtate to what purpoſe the notes were applied. It would appear that on the morning of the 24th, the book was delivered to him in the ſtate in which the priſoner had forwarded it the preceding evening. In the courſe of that day the priſoner cut out fifteen more notes, and it was remarkable that he or his blotter ought to have accounted for the other fifteen. However after he left the bank, nine of thoſe notes were found in his office, but the remaining ſix were never found, and of courſe it became neceſſary for the priſoner to account for thoſe notes, which, in a few days after, came into the bank, and were paid and cancelled.

On this part of the caſe, mr. ſolicitor obſerved, he did not ſtate any thing that he did not take from inſtructions in the hand-writing of the priſoner himſelf—The priſoner had on that day cut out fifteen notes, and left but nine behind him; ſix went into circulation, came back, and were paid; and unleſs the priſoner could account for them, which he muſt do, he had, in the language of the indictment, embezzled them. There were counts in the indictment as to notes for 100l. to 20l. and 5l.—and the court and jury would abſolve the reaſon for their introduction; it might occur to the ingenuity of an ingenious man, though not a lawyer, that if he only embezzled the

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change of a 50l. note, that he thereby did not embezzle the note.

After the diſappearance of the priſoner, it did occur to the bank that the deficiency of 3000l. for which he had not accounted, and had received on that day, he might have paid away, and from the ſuddenneſs of his flight he had not time to account for. The gentlemen of the bank would not condemn him on the appearance of his blotter. They ſaid he might have paid them away, and from the ſuddenneſs of his flight had negleſted to have entered them. If he had not fled, his memory might have ſupplied him as to their diſpoſal.—The bank ſet an enquiry on foot; the bank offices were ſearched from one to the other, and the reſult was that he had not on that day paid a ſingle check that could have required the application of a 500l. note, with the exception of one, and that he appeared to have paid in ſmall notes.

From the very clear inſtructions with which he had been furniſhed, mr. ſolicitor ſaid, he was enabled to lay before the court and jury diſtinctly, the manner in which the priſoner had ſo effectually pepetrated thoſe frauds. Suppoſe a paying teller thought proper to appropriate to himſelf a 500l. or any other note, the manner in which to achieve it was ſimple. He cuts out a leaf or two in advance in the book of notes, at an advanced and late hour of day, ſuppoſe a few moments before the bank cloſes, it will be clear that unleſs by ſome very ſtrange accident, that note cannot riſe in judgment againſt him during the remainder of that day, it could not come to be paid during the few remaining moments of the bank being open. And as from the circumſtance of the note not appearing to be cut out at all, it would not be made part of the balance, for which he would be obliged to account on the cloſe of that [illegible] with us. Low, it would then be plain that the man who cut it out of the book, not having entered it in his blotter, could not on the day he iſſued it be made accountable for it. It might come in the day after, and then the teller who had the uſe of the note for the night, has but to enter it in the following morning as an iſſue of that morning.—He counteracts, for a time, the poſſibility of detection, and has only to repeat the ſame fraud, and ſo long as he can do it, he has 500l. the property of the bank, for his own private purpoſes.—It is needleſs to add, that by the ſame contrivance by which he could poſſeſs himſelf of 500l. he could alſo circulate as many thouſands. The inſtance of a ſingle note would be ſufficient to illuſtrate the fraud. There was alſo another method in the power of the paying clerk, and that was of paying, as far as he could, the demand on the bank in ſmall notes, by which means he delays the iſſuing of the large one. In that manner he was authorized to ſtate, from the hand writing of the priſoner the bank had alſo been defrauded. To ſuppoſe another caſe, continued the ſolicitor: ſuppoſe I owe mr. Townſend 100l. and in order to pay him, I borrow that ſum from mr. Burrows, and being deſirous in ſome time to repay mr. Burrows I pick the pocket of mr. Townſend. Is not that a ſimilar caſe with the preſent.

As to the arreſt of the priſoner, it would be neceſſary to ſtate the particulars which attended it.—That highly active and meritorious officer, major Swan, diſcovered his reſidence and on the 29th of July, accompanied by captain Wilſon, arreſted him in his bed in Grange-gorman-lane. At the time of his arreſt he was lying on the bed, and a writing deſk before him, and in that deſk was diſcovered a letter in pencil, in the hand writing of the priſoner, and which by a notice ſerved on the ſolicitor for the bank, he has claimed and called upon the bank to produce on his trial, and which it was thought proper to produce for two purpoſes; firſt, becauſe it furniſhed abundance evidence againſt the priſoner; and ſecondly, becauſe it contains a defence for him which if proved would be extremely advantageous to the priſoner. The letter is as follows:

To the governor and directors of the bank of Ireland.

GENTLEMEN,

I am called upon to make ſuch a ſtate-

ſtatement of the nature of my ſituation theſe few months in the bank of Ireland, as muſt cauſe you to look favourably upon me, or otherwiſe, e'er I relate the cauſe of my preſent melancholy ſituation, I feel it incumbent upon me to declare your report of my having taken money with me on the morning of the 24th inſt. is erroneous, which I can, and will prove, from the entry in my blotter, of the foregoing day, and from a variety of other entries ſince Auguſt laſt,—on a certain day in that month, I appeared at the cloſe thereof to want 5,200l. having made up a parcel of notes to that amount in the morning, and finding that I had not paid them to any teller, (which muſt have been my intention) my mind experienced all that miſery which doubtleſs would be the conſequences of ſuch a loſs to a man who ſhould even poſſeſs property to repay it;—but although property to that amount was not in my poſſeſſion, and although the loſs might probably deprive me of all that was dear to me in this world, yet, conſidering my innocence, I derived ſuch ſtrength and conſolation from the thought, as enabled me to appear chearful and unconcerned, which I thought would be the beſt plan, till I ſhould make it known to my friends, and receive from them an anſwer, on which depended my peace of mind and character. Gentlemen, I made known to my friends by letter, the unfortunate circumſtance, and I conveyed myſelf the following evening (Saturday) to the county of Meath, when I experienced ſuch uneaſineſs as cannot by me be deſcribed, for then I underſtood the inability of my uncle to raiſe ſuch a ſum in the ſhort time I mentioned; I, however, gained from him his promiſe of making up as ſoon as poſſible 3000l. and had alſo received from another friend, whoſe name ſhall not be made public, a promiſe of 2000l. on my uncle's ſecurity; I took my leave, determined to conceal my loſs, till ſuch ſums ſhould be remitted to me—day after day paſſed, and while my account was long prior to the cancelling of the high ſums, all went on well—at length an order came to cancel down to the 20l. notes, which order drove me nearly to deſpair, as I knew difficulties were ſtill in the way of procuring from my friends the money—however, for a few days I covered the loſs by paſſing away all the larger ſums and held the ſmall notes only in my poſſeſſion.—There is a friend of mine in town, who knew from myſelf the awful ſituation in which I ſtood, and he enabled me on certain days to leſſen my balance very much, particularly on the day I apprehended the value would be counted. About this period I was placed by the will of mr. Low in the inſide office, on which change (ſeeing no way of covering my balance) I gave myſelf up as loſt, however it happened that I was in this office better enabled to cover my deficiency, having it in my power to pay at the end of the day, (whenever I feared the neceſſity of doing ſo) as many large notes as were neceſſary, without making, until the following morning, an entry of ſuch in my blotter—the ſtate of my mind at this period (a mind not uſed to deceive) cannot be pictured; however I daily rallied my ſpirits, and appeared to be as if nothing unpleaſant had occurred—at *intervals* calling upon Heaven to pity me, and to afford relief to a mind not able to endure the very thought of deceiving others; by a chain of the moſt fortunate events I was enabled to cover my loſs till the morning of the 24th, on which, giving myſelf up for loſt, I ran from the bank, and hitherto have concealed myſelf, 'till my friends conſident of the cauſe of my preſent misfortune, came forward and make ſuch an arrangement as ſhall I hope, meet the approbation of the bank.

My name is now branded with infamy—my character is now blackened—each man conſiders himſelf juſtifiable in crying down my conduct, and in this wretched ſtate I ſhall, after a few moments appeal to you, gentlemen, from whom only I can receive juſtice.

The cry of the town is, *I was extravagant*, and the concluſion drawn is (by that extravagance) I ſquandered away the bank property—that I was more extravagant than many in my ſi-

tuation,

tuation, I allow: that I was enabled to do so by my uncle, I *aver*, an account of his allowance to me since I entered the bank, shall be by himself made known to the directors; and that I could by my extravagance spend so much money in so short a time is an absurdity too glaring to comment upon; further than this, I defy the inhabitants of Dublin, or the world to say I ever gambled a farthing. This account, gentlemen, of my situation is the effusion of a mind desirous of being reinstated in the favour and esteem of my countrymen. There is no gloss or false colouring, nothing but an unadorned narrative of facts, no falsehood, that by it I should save my worthless life. No, gentlemen—life without character I despise, nor would I accept of liberty were I not by you put in possession of that, without which existence is not worth a thought. Pardon me for any boldness this letter may seem to evince—did you know the being who addresses you, your first decree would be that I might be able to justify myself in your opinion. Gentlemen, any question concerning this unfortunate occurrence shall be answered by me personally, whenever you are pleased to call upon me. I fear not man—the guiltless look with invaluable pride upon the world—such is at present, my state—would that Heaven may incline your minds so to investigate this business, that you may discover my innocence, and so to discern, that you may act accordingly, is the prayer of gentleman,

Your very humble servant,

H. MALONE.

The first observation that he would make after having read this letter, was, to state that the prisoner when brought before the directors of the bank, repeated to them, almost *verbatim*, the story contained in that letter, namely the allegation that he had lost the sum of 2500l. on a particular morning: He was asked when he lost the money, and he stated, in the month of September, 1806—It was observable to the jury on perusing the letter, that the word September had been changed into that of July. How far that alteration might bear on the prisoner, he would not take on himself to say. Thus much the jury would feel, that he was not a man likely to have forgotten the date of the day on which that loss took place. It would be necessary to inform the jury that the story of the loss of this money never previously suggested itself to the prisoner. On the 24th July, when his deficiency was detected, he was examined, and on none of those interrogatories did it occur to the prisoner, to state that he had lost such a sum.—The substance of the letter was in fact, that in September 1806, the prisoner lost a bundle of notes to a considerable amount, and from that until July following he concealed the loss.

It was an extraordinary circumstance in the present case, that the prisoner's defence and the prosecutor's charge precisely agree.

The letter was the production of the prisoner. It contains his conviction. On the part of the prosecution it is contended, he committed a plunder: by the prisoner it is contended, he only concealed a fatality. The letter has been made evidence, and is a most material subject of investigation for the jury.—When the prisoner first stated those extraordinary losses, he was asked did you not know of a standing rule of the bank, that all errors were to be disclosed?—And did you not know if you had done so it would have been immediately investigated? The prisoner's answer was, that he was well apprised of the rule—if this loss really took place, it must have happened within the walls of the bank, it could have taken place no where else; and yet from the month of September, 1806, to the 29th of last July near twelve months the prisoner never disclosed so serious an occurrence.—Would it be uncharitable to say to the court, that if such misfortune had happened to the prisoner, his life should have been distinguished by melancholy, retirement and frugality; but the contrary has

been the case. Let the jury look at dates and they would find that this loss could not have taken place: that if it did take place it must have been when he was a receiving and not a paying teller—for he did not get the latter situation until 1806—and what was to follow in statement would have an extraordinary tendency; for it would not only go to make it impossible, but admitting the fact to have taken place, the evil had been remedied. Before the change of his situation from that of a receiving to that of a paying teller, he had to close his accounts: He did close them; they were correct. On the 27th of September, 1806, he got leave to go to the country for a few days. Before he left Dublin, he counted his balance with mr. Low, and on that account there appeared a balance of 9581. 2s. 6hd. He paid that balance and left Dublin a clear man. He was no longer responsible to his employers. On the 18th of October he got farther leave, and on stating his account there appeared a balance of 8551. 15s. He paid that also. On either of these days he had nothing to do with issuing notes; he was then only a receiving teller—what must be the obvious result from those facts. The first that he was not suffering under the alledged loss, because if he had his balance would have been erroneous—or he had a friend that he borrowed it from. Let the prisoner shew by what means he lost 2500l. in September, 1806, and afterwards replaced it in October. Let that friend appear—there is nothing in the transaction but the friend may disclose if it be true.—If it is not true, no injustice could arise from calling on the jury to visit on the prisoner an allegation of his own, which is incapable of proof. What is the amount of the allegation? I lost 2500l. belonging to the bank, a friend enabled me to replace the money; I became indebted to my friend, and I afterwards plundered the bank to discharge my obligations to my friend. The letter which contained the defence of the prisoner, necessarily called for those observations—another material fact resulting from the letter. When the prisoner missed the money he enquired among the tellers, and when he found he could make no discovery, he kept the secret. Why was the loss kept a secret when by disclosing it in the usual manner, and according to the established rule of the bank, it might have been remedied.

Such were the circumstances of this extraordinary case. Proof of the extravagancy of the prisoner had been stated; it would be supported by evidence; it was a case which without disclosing to the court and jury it would not have been possible for them to have understood. The eloquent solicitor concluded by observing, that in the words of the prisoner's letter, the full desire of the governors of the bank, and of those professionally concerned for them was, that he would be able to justify himself, and that it would give delight to them if he could exculpate himself from the heavy imputation that appeared to rest upon him.

J. D'Olier, esq. examined for the prosecution.

Q. Do you hold any employment in the bank of Ireland?—A. Principal examiner of the bank. Q. Do you know the prisoner Henry Malone?—A. I do. Q. Did he hold any office in the bank?—A. He was one of the tellers. Q. What teller?—A. I don't exactly know; he belonged to the issuing large notes as well as small; he was issuing teller. Q. Did you ever see the blotters kept by the prisoner?—A. Almost every day. Q. Did you, on the 24th July last, make any and what remark; or was any remark made to you, or had you any conversation with him that day?—A. I had. Q. Did you call on the prisoner?—A. I did. Q. What did you say to him?—A. I asked him could he account for a transaction appearing of notes cancelled before they were issued? He said he could not then.——Q. Did you state to him on what particular day they appeared to have been cancelled?

—A. I

—A. I did, on the 15th when they did not appear to be iſſued until the 16th by his blotter. Q. Did you ſhew him his blotter or look at it at the time?—A. I cannot ſay if I did, but it was ſhewn to him. Q. Did he deny the fact?—A. He ſaid he did not underſtand the tranſaction. He could neither make me nor himſelf underſtand the tranſaction. Q. Did you deſire him to explain it if he could?—A. I deſired him to go to the deputy caſhier and try if he could make it out through him. It occurred to me that he might have had 1000l. over from what appeared on the books. He ſaid he did not recollect any tranſaction of that nature. Q. Are you certain of that? A. I am. Q. You deſired him to go to the deputy caſhier? A. I did. Q. For what purpoſe?—A. To inveſtigate and ſee if there might not be an error. Q. Did he appear to leave you for that purpoſe? A. He did. Q. When did you ſee him again that day?—A. In a very ſhort time. Q. Was any perſon preſent?—A. I cannot ſay. I was queſtioning him. Q. Did he make any requeſt of you?—A. I told him it was of a very extraordinary nature, and that I muſt lay his book before the accountant general? Q. What did he ſay?—A. He treated me with great politeneſs, and ſaid if there was a poſſibility of my paſſing by that error, he never would give me the trouble of making a complaint. My reply was, that if I had 500 guineas placed in my hand I would not paſs it by. Q. What occurred further?—A. I took and gave his blotter to the accountant general. Q. What blotter?—A. The blotter of the 16th July, and the book of cancelled notes of the 16th. Q. What further occurred?—A. I don't recollect, I put the buſineſs out of my hands into the hands of others.

Not croſs examined.

Henry Curwen.

Q. Do you hold any office in the bank of Ireland?—A. I do. Q. What? A. A ſpecie book keeper. Q. Do you know the priſoner at the bar Henry Malone?—A. I do. Q. How long do you know him?—A. Some length of time. Q. Was he and you employed in the bank of Ireland?—A. Yes. Q. Do you recollect the month of July laſt? A. Very well. Q. Was the priſoner during that time employed in the bank?—A. He was. Q. In what ſituation?—A. As a teller. Q. What kind of teller was he, a receiving or a paying teller?—A. A paying teller.

Q. Do you know his hand-writing?—A. I do; I have ſeen him write frequently. (A book produced.) Q. Look at that book and tell what the name of it is?—A. A teller's blotter. Q. Look at the pages that are open? A. The upper line is his hand writing. Q. What is the date of that?—A. The 24th July, 1807. Q. Is all the writing in thoſe two pages the hand writing of Henry Malone?—A. It is not all, ſome of it is mr. Talbot's. Q. But are the 15 notes ſtated as iſſued in his hand writing?—A. Yes. Q. Go back from the 24th July to the 20th, do you ſee his hand writing?—A. It is all his hand writing. Q. Turn over the page, the next is the 15th July; whoſe hand writing is the balance of that day in?—It is his entirely. Q. That entry denotes iſſues of fifteen notes for 500l. each?—A. It does. Q. Do you ſee any dockets entered to cover thoſe fifteen bank notes?—A. No: not in his hand writing. Q. Theſe blotters are his hand writing?—A. Yes: from the 11th of April to the 24th July.

Second blotter produced. Q. Whoſe hand writing is the entry of the 16th of July, in that blotter?—A. Mr. Malone's. Q. Is there any other entry?—A. Yes; 21ſt July.

Third blotter produced.—Q. Look at the entry of the 23d of July,—whoſe hand-writing is that?—A. The priſoner's.

Fourth blotter produced.—Q. Whoſe hand writing is that of the 13th July?—A. Mr. Malone's. Q. Are there any other entries in his hand-writing? A. A good deal—22d is his, and 17th.

(A letter was produced, ſee caſe.)

Q. Whoſe writing is that?—A. It appears to be mr. Malone's. Q. You have often ſeen him write?—A. Yes.

Q. You

Q. You are well acquainted with his hand-writing—A. Yes. Q. You believe it to be his hand-writing.—A. Yes I do.

Not croſs-examined.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

For Gibſon's Ancient Miſcellany.

Lines moſt reſpectfully inſcribed on Miſs Worrall;—George's-ſtreet, City of Limerick.

'Whoſe virtues and accompliſhments
Stamp her of nature's firſt order!'

THRO' all the various ſcenes the muſes rove,
The peopled town, or the ſequeſter'd grove;
Amid the ſylvan choir, or courtly throng,
They ne'er found one more worthy of their ſong.—
Seldom ſuch wiſdom, with ſuch prudence join'd;
Seldom ſo tender, yet ſo firm a mind:—
Such gentle manners, ſuch refin'd good ſenſe;
Grave without frowns, and gay without offence.—
A form adorn'd with ev'ry pleaſing grace,
A ſoul where ev'ry virtue holds a place!—
The veſtal's purity, without her pride;
The court's high-breeding, not as there apply'd.
Judgment with candor, wit which ne'er reviles;
Zeal cloath'd with meekneſs; piety which ſmiles!—
No window to her boſom do we need,
The goodneſs there appears in every deed.
In ev'ry look, in ev'ry ſmile is ſeen,
The virtues, ſenſe, and peace, that reign within!

October, 20, 1807.

For Gibſon's Admired Miſcellany.

On Miſs O'Brien, niece to Sir Edward O'Brien, Bart.—at the Limerick Boarding School, George's-ſtreet.

'Fair as the lily through the cryſtal mild;
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew,
Freſh from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows!'

PALLAS and *Venus* ſure took care
To form *O'Brien* divinely fair!—
With all celeſtial virtue grac'd,
With pureſt wit, politeſt taſte.—
With more than human wiſdom wiſe,
And fair as light in eaſtern ſkies—

November, 1807.

Her lips the lovely pink diſcloſe,
Her cheeks exceed the damaſk roſe.
Her breath ſweet as *Arabia's* gale,
Or flowers that bloom in *Tempe's* vale!
Her boſom bids fair lillies yield,
And vanquiſh'd quite the dew-topt field.
Whilſt young and blithe as blooming *May*,
And mild as *April's* vernal day;
In *Ann* ſweet pleaſing ſmiles are ſeen,
A modeſt with a beauteous mien!

October 20, 1807.

For Gibſon's Hibernian Miſcellany.

On Miſs Tarleton, at the Limerick Boarding-School, George's-ſtreet.

'The modeſt virtues mingle in her eyes,
Which, like two orient pearls, dart an
Heav'nly light.'

PALLAS and *Venus* next eſſay'd
To perfect *Tarleton*——ſweet maid!
With ev'ry virgin-virtue fraught,
And ev'ry pure unſpotted thought!—
A native beauty, void of ſtate,
Meek, fair, agreeable, and great.
Genteel as fancy can expreſs,
With ſweet ſimplicity of dreſs.
Who coſtly trifles can deſpiſe,
And wears no brilliants but her eyes:
Catherine's eyes, oh! brighter far,
Than *Phœbus'* lamp, or morning ſtar!—
Wiſe, without pride, diſcreetly gay;
And chaſte as ſilver-lillies in *May*;
Yea, and as fair and ſweet as they!

October 21, 1807.

For Gibſon's Univerſal Magazine.

On the Miſſes Deane, at the Limerick Boarding-School, George's-ſtreet.

'Theirs the mild luſtre of the blooming morn.'

NEXT let ſweet *Deanes* adorn my lay;
Their lovely forms, and meek array,
Genteel—polite—agreeable and gay.
Venus aſſembl'd all the graces,
To deck their ſiſters' forms and faces.
While *Pallas* form'd their minds with care,
And plant'd ev'ry virtue there.
Diſcretion, judgment, wit inſtill'd,
And all their tools with wiſdom fill'd!—
Sweet innocence, with beauty join'd,
Adorns their perſons, and their mind.
What charms their lateſt features boaſt,
Are to my muſe entirely loſt.
But doubtleſs nature has diſplay'd
The utmoſt care to form theſe maids.—
Mary eſteem'd amongſt her ſex,
Of ev'ry gift and grace poſſeſt.—

Margaret's charms, with ſweetneſs join'd,
Expreſs the beauties of her mind.—
While *Eliza's* lovely air and mien,
Might vie with thoſe of *Paphos'* queen:
For in the dance ſuch grace does ſhine,
As makes her motions all divine'—
But how ſhall mortal her deſcribe
Sweet *Fanny's* cheeks with crimſon dy'd!
Who can view her without ſurprize—
Who withſtand th' artill'ry of her eyes?

Oct. 21, 1807.

For the Ancient Hibernian Magazine.

On Miſs Ann Worrall, at the Limerick Boarding-School, George's-ſtreet.

Nondum ſubactâ ferre jugum vales
Cervice; nondum munia comparis
Æquare, nuptiarum expers,
Et adhuc protervo cruda marito.

WORRALL is next the ſubject of my ſong,
The gentle, meek, the innocent and young.
Oh! ſee her pretty form, her ſhape, and air,
We muſt confeſs a little *Venus* there.
Come let me ſee thy face, my dear, my dove!
That's form'd to charm, that ſo commands my love.
Come let me hear the muſic of thy tongue,
And let my ſoul be raviſh'd with thy ſong.
In her the charms of ev'ry ſenſe do meet,
Her figure's lovely, and her voice is ſweet.
She is all fair—ſhe is divinely fair,
Her eyes are ſweeter than the dove's eyes are
And with a brighter tenderneſs appear:
Which in her face ſo dazzlingly do ſtand,
Like jewels ſet by the nice artiſt's hand.
How fair art thou, and innocent, my dove!
Form'd for delights, for pleaſure made, and love.
Like poliſh'd ivory her lovely ſkin,
Her azure veins like ſapphire ſhine within.
Oh! turn thy eyes away, they are ſo bright,
They quite o'ercome me with profuſe of light:
I'd gaze with rapture, was the luſtre leſs,
But, oh! they pain, by pleaſing to exceſs.
There's not a damſel ſure that threads the green,
That can compare with *ſweet Ann* of thirteen.

Oct. 23, 1807. *Jonas Hack*

Mr. Gibſon,

Sir—Pleaſe to give the following Ode a place in your excellent Miſcellany, and I will, in due time tranſmit the counterparts. I remain your's, &c.

D. HICCAEUS.

Winter. An Ode.

Vides, ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte: nec jam ſuſtineat onus
Sylvæ laborantes: geluque
Flumina conſtiterunt acuto!

HOW chang'd the *ſcene!*—no more the *morning ſun*
Unfolds the *flowers* with its golden *ray*;
No more the ſwains the ſcorching *ſolſtice* ſhun:
All *nature* ſeems to *languiſh* and *decay!*

See! with what horror, in the *eaſtern* ſky,
Riſes the long-protracted—glimm'ring *dawn.*—
No ſmiling *radience* darts upon the eye,
Nor routs *cold dews*, nor decorates the *lawn.*

Ye *plains!* where oft the *cowſlip* rear'd it's head,
And where the *tulip* and the *lilly white*,
Their charming *dyes* in gay profuſion ſpread,
No more, no more the wand'ring eyes delight.

No *cluſter'd grapes* adorn the *twining vine*;
But, ſhrivell'd fall upon the *frozen* ground;
The withered *roſe* hangs down its head ſupine,
Which not long ſince, ſpread *fragrance* all around.

No more ſweet *muſic* fills the *faded grove*,
No more the *warblers* ſtrain their tuneful throats,
No more they ſooth their little hearts with *love*,
Nor from the *ſpray* pour forth their *vocal notes.*

No more they welcome in the *roſy morn*
With *harmony*, nor hail the *God of day*;
But, numb'd with *cold*, ſit 'neath the *wither'd thorn*;
Or, forc'd by *want*, plains far remote ſurvey.

Now, the briſk *ſportſman*, with unerring aim,
Uplifts his tube, and ſpreads confuſion round;
Marking inhumanly the harmleſs *game*:
They ſenſeleſs fall and flutter on the ground.

Ah! now, ye *feather'd tribes*, where will ye fly,
T' 'ſcape the cruel *fowler's* wily arts?—

Hard

Hard is your lot!—in what *aſylum* lie?
Purſu'd by ſnares and danger on all parts.

No more young *Strephon* ſeeks the *yew tree ſhade*,
Nor ſits beneath the hoary *toplars* boughs,
Alas! where oft he ſang his darling *maid*,
And in ſoft accents breathed forth his vows.

'Twas here, one *morn*, o'ertax'd with deadly grief,
He mus'd, in vain, to eaſe his panting breaſt;
And ſaid, deſparing of the leaſt relief,
Can *nature's beauty* ſooth my ſoul to reſt?

Nor does he ſeek, in the ſequeſter'd *vale*,
The *violet* ſpreading ſweet *perfumes* around:—
No more the balmy *zephyrs'* gentle gale,
With ſweet, *ambroſial odours*, fan the ground.

But, ſee! how diſmal looks yon' *hoary hill*,
See! the *woods leafleſs* and oppreſt with *ſnow*;
With *rigid froſt* the *plain* and limpid *rill*
Bound—all look gloomy, and the *tempeſts blow*.
Hark! how they *roar* tremend'ous thro' the ſkies,
Hark! how they *whiſtle* thro' the waving trees;
With ſickly clouds ſee pale *Orion* riſe,
And *pearly dews* upon the *hawthorn freeze*.

Haſte, rouſe the *fire*, and cloſely bar the door;
Let *mirth* and *wine* the toilſome *time* employ;—
Lo! *cold* is gone—the *tempeſts* blow no more,
Nor vicious *cares* our ſinking hearts annoy!—

But, hark!—what *voice* is this I ſeem to hear?
'Tis *reaſon*—ſweet director of the mind,
Whoſe heav'nly counſel routs each dreary fear,
And points the way eternal bliſs to find.

'Man! when *life's winter* comes mirth is no more,
'Thy *time* is ſmall, alas!—ſoon muſt thou die:—
'The *ſpring of age* nor *love* nor *wine* reſtore:
'Improve the *tranſient moments* as they fly.—

'Sooner or later, ſhock'd with awful dread,
'Thou muſt before th' *Almighty's* throne appear;
'There will the ſacred, myſtic book be read,
'To end the headlong ſinner's curſt career:
'Then, ſhall each man his own juſt ſentence know;
'*A crown of* GLORY——or, *eternal* WOE!'

Clonmell, Nov. 10, 1807.

D. HICCÆUS.

Lines addreſſed to the Militia of Ireland, on the late Volunteering.

TO arms! to arms! the inſpiring drum invites;
'Tis Britain's voice—ſupport her injur'd rights:
Rouſe! rouſe! Hibernia's—ſons, obey the call,
And join in vengeance on perfidious Gaul.
Quick teach that treacherous foe, that land of ſlaves,
'Tis death to affront the monarch of the waves:
Ceaſe heart-inſpiring drum! Mars ſtands confeſt,
The darling object of Ierne's breaſt:
A noble ſpirit triumphs thro' her land,
And forms of heroes, many a choſen band,
Ready their laws and country to defend;
Ready to Albion's iſle their aid to lend;
Ready their nymphs—their lovely nymphs to ſhield;
Ready to meet their enemy in the field.
And when th' hiſtoric pen hath juſtly prais'd
Thoſe num'rous legions undaunted Erin rais'd
To thee Hibernia ſhall great fame aſſign
A firſt-rate trophy from her ſacred ſhrine.

Mr. Gibſon,

On going into the Drawing Room of a Gentleman in this Town, I obſerved a half length Portrait, under which hung a Card inſcribed thus:—

TO Tully's rule ſee one exception made;
To Goldſmith's ſentiment behold the ſame:
A Saul for princes in a man of trade,
Who proved to thouſands friendſhip's not a name.

I ſaw it alluded to the expreſſion of Cicero in his offices,

nec enim quidquam ingenuum habere poteſt officina:

and to the reflection in Goldſmith's Hermit.

I was however reconciled to the hyperbole

hole of the compliment, when I learned, that it was intended for the late extraordinary and munificent *Edward Byrne, eſq.*

For the Hibernian Magazine.

Lines to Hibernia.

HAIL native ſoil! thy proſpects now inſpire
My muſe to touch her loud poetic lyre:
Here ſcience fair emits her beams divine;
Here art and truth in brilliant ſplendor ſhine.
Here are diſpell'd, the clouds of mental gloom,
By all the lore of ancient Greece or Rome.
Here genius, aiming at the worlds on high,
Each ſyſtem views with philoſophic eye!
With Virgil ſings, or loft in Homer's fire,
Enraptur'd ſtrikes the Grecian ſage's lyre:
Here commerce lifts her full replenished ſail;
And plenty ſmiles,—where trade and arts prevail!
Thy ſons, ſtill mindful of their native caſte,
Protect their rights,—and guard invaded laws.
Great ſeat of ſcience! let thy ſons explore,
The depths of truth in academic lore:
So ſhall thy glory's undiminiſh'd ray,
Refulgent ſhine to time's remoteſt day:
So when in rage, the gallic foes aſſail,
Hibernia's arms ſhall ſtill o'er all prevail!
No baſe intruders from a foreign ſoil,
Shall e'er obſcure!—but health and plenty ſmile!

Morning.

Sweet is the breath of morn.
MILTON.

SEE the lark with matin lay,
Mounted in the eaſtern ſky;
Now ſhe hails the riſing day,
Tinctur'd with ambrolial dye.

Peeping thro' a ſilver cloud,
See the golden lamp of day;
Mildly on the eaſtern road,
He extends his genial ray.

Where the foreſt's verdant glade,
Opens in yon woody vale:
See the roſy viſaged maid,
Milking in her whiten'd pail.

Now the birds with mellow throats,
And the lark with nobler ſtrain,
Tuning each their matin notes,
Whiſtle o'er the humid plain.

Now the turtle and the dove,
Salute the dappled morn;
Now reſounds the verdant grove,
Echo'd by the pealing horn.

Now the trout in airy rings,
Verges in the oozy dank:
From the ſilver tide it ſprings,
Playful on th' adjoining bank.

Where the hamlet on the hill,
Intercepts the ſolar ray;
There the cock with clarion ſhrill,
Hails the riſing king of day.
S. D.

Autumn.

TO ſummer now we bid adieu,
Fair Autumn gilds the rural ſcene
The fields are cloth'd in yellow hue;
Her tints adorn the ſpreading green.

The trees their leafy honours ſhed,
With variegated tinctures crown'd:
They downward droop their verdant head;
Their beauteous garments ſtrew the ground.

So man forſakes life's buſy ſtage,
And bends into the ſilent tomb;
In riper years, or youthful age,
We find at laſt, that peaceful home.

Now boughs, low-bending with their load,
Preſent the off-ſpring of the year:
With various ſorts of fruit beſtow'd;
The rural proſpects now appear.

Hard by the riv'let's purling ſtream,
The lambs in wanton amours play:
Beneath the ſun's antarctic beam,
They ſteal the tedious hours away.
S. D.

LONDON, *October 25.*

MINISTERS, it is underſtood, are to lay before parliament unequivocal proofs of a plan of combined attack upon our ſhores; from the Baltic on one ſide, and from the coaſt of Spain and Portugal on the other. In this the combined navies of Denmark, Holland, Ruſſia, Sweden (who was to be forced into the confederacy) in the north, and thoſe of France, Spain, and Portugal, in the ſouth, were to co-operate in a deſcent upon Ireland. It is reported that the principles of this league are contained in the ſecret articles of the treaty of Tilſit.

The rumours of general Whitelocke having arrived *incog.* does not ſeem to gain ground, probable as the fact of his arrival may be.

It is ſaid that the expedition at Cork, is to be immediately reinforced. Several regiments of the line, in Ireland, will receive orders to embark for this country, when they

they receive their quota of volunteers from the militia.

29.] Lord Catheart arrived at Yarmouth yesterday afternoon, in the Africaine frigate; he left Copenhagen on the 21st instant, in company with admiral Gambier, and the whole fleet of English and Danish men of war and transports, with troops and naval stores, except the Vanguard man of war and a squadron of frigates, which it is said are to remain in the Belt.

Admiral Stanhope, with nine sail of the line, besides transports with the Danish stores, arrived in the Downs this morning. The rest of the fleet and the troops are not yet arrived, but may be hourly expected.

It is reported, we know not with what truth, that the shipping and stores at Copenhagen will be valued on their arrival in this country, and that the army and navy, will receive their usual proportion as prize-money. Lord Catheart's share, it is said will be worth 100,000l.

During the performance at the Liverpool theatre one night last week, the audience were thrown into dreadful consternation by the conduct of one of the performers, who being much intoxicated, struck the prompter with a sword on the back part of his head, and fractured his skull. The aggressor is now in custody.

Nov. 1, 2.] Mr. Ross, mr. Canning's private secretary, is gone down to Yarmouth upon a mission to Louis XVIIIth. —We have not heard that he was yet landed.

When Lord Catheart and admiral Gambier went ashore to Helsinborg to compliment his Swedish majesty, the king invited them to partake of a *dejeuner dinatoir*, on which occasion the following toasts were given:—The king and queen of England; the British army and navy; and the British nation; which were answered by mr. Pierrepoint, by drinking the king and queen of Sweden.

Another expedition will sail from this country in a very short time, in which sir Sidney Smith is to have the naval command.

The duke of Manchester is expected to sail for the West Indies in about ten days, to assume the government of Jamaica.

3.] Louis XVIII.—Saturday last mr. Brook, from the alien office, proceeded to Yarmouth with official orders respecting the landing of this prince from on board the Troja. He reached Yarmouth on Sunday morning, and yesterday the royal visitor was landed from the Swedish vessel, under the title of duke de Lille accompanied by the duke de Berry and a numerous retinue. He was received on shore by the duke de Bourbon and several other branches of the royal family, who reached Yarmouth on Sunday afternoon. The populace cheered him on his landing. The whole of the family were to leave that place yesterday afternoon.

Chesterfield, Nov. 2.—A dreadful circumstance took place in this town on Friday evening:—Two French prisoners arrived there a few days back on their parole, and took up their abode in the Falcon inn, where they remained during three days. Having procured lodgings, they returned to the inn to discharge their bill, when one of them, a colonel in the French army, and a member of the legion of honour, discovered his strong box to have been opened by a false key, and his property, to the amount of 1000l. besides plate, jewels, and other valuables to a further amount of 500l. stolen. Application being made to the commissary for French prisoners, a statement was sent to the transport board, and an immediate search set on foot. Having been delayed on his journey from the coast, by indisposition, at Athenstone, in Warwickshire, the agent employed in this affair naturally supposed the property must have been purloined during his confinement at the inn, where the colonel and his friend had been detained. It was suspected, from some circumstances, that the colonel's supposed friend had committed the robbery. A search was made, and a handkerchief, containing a pocket-book with French paper-money inclosed, to the amount of 900l. and several other articles, were found, which put the matter beyond all doubt. The agent, accompanied by the landlord, went to Chesterfield, and with the magistrates, commissary and constables, lost no time in waiting on the suspected person, who, as soon as he recognized the landlord of the inn, betrayed evident marks of guilt, by an immediate exclamation of 'You have business with me, I suppose!'—the colonel being sent for, and having described the pocket-book and its contents, it was produced and found to answer his description. During the examination, in which the prisoner made a full confession of his guilt, and informed the colonel where the rest of his property was to be found, he was observed to take a bottle from the mantle-piece, and repeatedly to drink of the liquid it contained; he also attempted to seize a case knife within his reach, but he was prevented. In a short time the poison beginning to affect him, medical assistance was immediately procured: but every attempt to make him swallow or pass any thing down his throat was found impossible, from his obstinacy and surprising

ing ſtrength. Between the paroxiſms of remorſe and pain he appeared calm and collected, and requeſted pen, ink, and paper, for the purpoſe of making his will, which having completed, he ſuddenly ſeized a knife which lay unobſerved on the mantle-piece, and plunged it ſeveral inches in his left breaſt. He ſuffered the greateſt agony for ſeveral hours, and then expired.

A coroner's inqueſt was held on the body, and the jury returned a verdict of *ſelf murder*. The body was immediately placed in a ſhell, and buried on a waſte piece of ground near the town. The deceaſed was on terms of particular friendſhip with his fellow-priſoner.

The right reverend dr. Wm. Markham, lord archbiſhop of York, primate of England, lord high almoner to the king, and viſitor of Queen's college, Oxford, died on Tueſday laſt, at his houſe in London. Dr. Markham was a native of Ireland, the ſon of a military gentleman, who having received his education in the univerſity of Dublin, afterwards kept the endowed ſchool of Kinſale, in the county of Cork. The younger Markham left his native country when young, but he never forget his partialities towards it. He had a very minute knowledge of towns and places in it, notwithſtanding he had for ſo long a time reſided in England, and was fond of talking of the ſcenes of his youth, and not without the prejudices of an Iriſhman. He was a man juſtly eminent for true piety and extenſive learning. While he was biſhop of Cheſter he was appointed by his majeſty, preceptor to the prince of Wales, for whom he preſerved the moſt affectionate attachment. His ſucceſſor, it is reported, will be dr. William Stuart, the primate of all Ireland—others ſay dr. Vernon, biſhop of Carliſle.

3. 4.] It is ſaid dr. Vernon, the biſhop of Carliſle, is to be tranſlated to the archbiſhoprick of York, or to the primacy of Ireland; and that dr. Zouch, who is ſo well known in the literary world, from his writings and deep erudition, will be the new biſhop. The doctor is uncle to the earl of Lonſdale, K. G. He is one of the golden prebendaries of Durham, and rector of Screyingham, Yorkſhire.

THE COUNT DE LILLE.

YARMOUTH, NOV. 2.

A miſunderſtanding, the effect of the uncertainty at what period the count de Lille would land, and the delay in the arrival of the packet boats from Gottenburgh, which were the bearers of the letters that were to precede him, rendered the orders of government with reſpect to his debarkation and ſubſequent proceedings neceſſary. Yeſterday, at the moment Louis the XVIIIth was celebrating, with the Swediſh officers, the anniverſary of the birth of the generous Guſtavus the IVth, we had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing monſieur arrive, and their highneſſes the prince of Conde, the duke de Bourbon, and the duke of Orleans. The count de la Chathe had arrived before. Admiral Ruſſel arrived at the ſame time, with ſeveral other officers, to receive the orders of the count de Lille, for Louis the XVIIIth, to whom every Engliſhman now gives that title, is come under that name. —This morning admiral Ruſſel went in his boat, to fetch the brother of Louis XVI. who will, probably, proceed firſt to Goſsfield, which the marquis of Buckingham has offered him.

(EXTRACT OF ANOTHER LETTER.)

This morning, Louis XVIII. landed with his ſuite from the Swediſh frigate Freya, at Yarmouth, under the title of the count de Lille, by which only he will be recognized during his ſtay in England. The count came on ſhore in admiral Douglas's barge, in the moſt private manner.

On his landing, he was received by admirals Douglas and Eſſington, captain Curry of the flag ſhip, and mr. Brooks, of the alien office, London. The party immediately aſſembled at the houſe of admiral Douglas's ſecretary which ſtood contiguous to the ſpot. Here the count had his firſt interview with monſieur (the count D'Artois). The ſcene was truly intereſting and affecting.

The carriages of admirals Douglas and Eſſington were ſhortly ready to convey the count and his ſuite to the houſe of admiral Douglas to breakfaſt, where the illuſtrious gueſts received a hearty welcome, and were treated with that true Engliſh hoſpitality, ſo congenial to the feeling and heart of a Britiſh ſeamen.

The party were joined at breakfaſt by admiral Ruſſel, ſir Samuel Hood, and ſeveral captains. The count ſeemed highly gratified at finding himſelf ſurrounded by ſo many brave men. To admiral Douglas and his family, he more than once expreſſed his gratitude for the attention and hoſpitality ſhewn to him.

While at breakfaſt the count gave a ſtriking proof of his gallantry, preſenting a roſe to miſs Douglas, he made a happy ſimile between the ſweetneſs and delicacy of the flower, and the correſponding accompliſhments of the young lady.

After breakfaſt he took his leave, and ſet off from Yarmouth in his own carriage to the north. His ſuite conſiſted, beſides his relatives

relatives the ducs D'Angouleme and de Berri, of the compte D'Avaray, duc de Gramont, compte Etienne de Damas, compte Nantouilet, chev. de Riviere, mons. Diſtel, l'abbe Fleuricu, l'abbe Cormur.

ROBBERY AND MURDER.

On Sunday morning laſt, about twelve o'clock, a moſt daring robbery was committed at the foot of Cockin-hill, about ſix miles from Chicheſter, on the London road, by a young man, on a mr. Rhodes, an attorney, of Chicheſter. The robber preſented a piſtol to mr. Rhodes's breaſt, and demanded his money and watch; which he complied with. Mr. Rhodes, on his arrival at Chicheſter, immediately made it known to the magiſtrates, when three gentlemen volunteered their ſervices to go in ſearch of the villain; they accordingly proceeded, well mounted and armed, and after about two hours ride, diſcovered him. Immediately when he ſaw them he decamped; but ſeeing they purſued him, and that they gained ground on him, he turned about and ſhot mr. Sergeant (a gentleman of great reſpectability,) of Chicheſter, through the head, when he dropped off his horſe dead on the ſpot. The robber then pulled off his round frock, ſhoes and hat, and retreated into a coppice juſt by, while the others were endeavouring to aſſiſt their friend, but who, alas! was quite dead. No traces of this atrocious murderer have yet been diſcovered, but the magiſtrates of Chicheſter are in poſſeſſion of his hat and ſhoes, which we ſincerely hope may be the means of his diſcovery. He is of rather ſmall ſtature, ſlim made, and about twenty years of age, was dreſſed in a dirty round frock torn at the bottom, and had on a ſhabby hat. It is much to be feared that there is a gang of theſe villains about the coaſt of Suſſex, as this is not the one ſo notorious in that part, who is generally armed with a gun, and attended by a dog.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

On Monday afternoon, in conſequence of the murder of mr. Seargeant, near Chicheſter, the preceding day, a party of dragoons proceeded from that city in ſearch of the murderer; they arrived at the coppice where he had concealed himſelf, which is near Petworth, and ſome ſurrounded it, while others diſmounted, and entered by every avenue. After a ſtrict ſearch they diſcovered him, and drove him out, without any frock, hat, or ſhoes on: he then ran ſwiftly ſome diſtance, but finding his purſuers to be cloſe at his heels, he ran into a pond, when they immediately fired at him, and ſhot him dead. He was taken out of the pond, ſearched, and the watch of which he had robbed mr. Rhodes the day before found on him. On examination of the body he proves to be a labourer, lately reſiding at a village called Grantham, near Petworth, his name is J. Allen: he had two loaded piſtols about him, but from the cloſe purſuit of the dragoons, he had no power to uſe them.

Mr. Sergeant was the ſecond ſon of mr. Sergeant, formerly ſecretary to the treaſury, and now one of the auditors of public accounts.

IPSWICH, Nov. 6.—Tueſday, about three o'clock, Louis XVIII. arrived at the great horſe inn, in this town, from Yarmouth, attended by the prince de Conde, monſieur, duc de Grammont, and ſuite, and after changing horſes, ſet off for Goſfield park, in Eſſex, the ſeat of the marquis of Buckingham. On their arrival at the three cups, Colcheſter, a great concourſe of perſons of all ranks had aſſembled at the inn, to ſee the illuſtrious ſtrangers; the elegant large new room being thrown open for the reception of the royal gueſts, it was permitted that their wiſhes might be fully gratified, and they were admitted into the room without the leaſt reſtraint. The royal fugitive, at his departure, expreſſed much ſatisfaction at the good wiſhes evidently impreſſed on the countenances of thoſe whom curioſity had excited to appear in his preſence.

The king never was in better health and ſpirits, than he is at the preſent moment. Nothing can be more erroneous than the report that 'the king has a continued diſcharge from his eyes.' His majeſty at no one period ever had a diſcharge from either eye: the ſight has never been impeded by ſuch a cauſe. He takes his uſual exerciſe, viz. riding every day. In the evening his majeſty uniformly plays at his uſual game of commerce with his family; the latter amuſement is never omitted. During the laſt fifteen years, his majeſty was never better, eat with a better appetite, or ſlept with more tranquillity, than he does at the preſent period.

COMTESSE D'ALBANY.—This lady on whom his majeſty has recently beſtowed a penſion of 2000l. a year, had a dower aſſigned to her out of the old French funds, which were deſtroyed in the revolution; and ſhe was lately entirely beholden for ſupport to her brother-in-law, the cardinal of York (Henry the ninth of our nonjurors, if any ſuch there be). At the death of his eminence, ſhe, of courſe, was totally deprived of the means of ſubſiſtence. It was already well known that, when the cardinal of York, the laſt male heir of this unfortu-

nate

nate houſe, had been deprived of his revenues, by the French revolution, his wants were ſupplied by our king's unſought, unhoped for, benefaction of 6000l. per annum, continued to the day of his demiſe. The lady in queſtion is a princeſs of the houſe of Holberg, and lived at Bruſſels, when ſhe was married. She is allied to many of the noble families of the united kingdom. She viſited England ſoon after her huſband's death, and has reſided for ſome years back in Florence.

The circumſtance detailed in the following letter, is ſo honourable to the Britiſh character, and ſo different from what the French ſoldiery would have acted, after an evacuation, that we cannot deny ourſelves the pleaſure of giving it to the public.

Extract of a letter from an officer of the 82d regiment.

Yarmouth, Oct. 30.

Previous to our evacuating Copenhagen, I was ſent by col. Smith of our regiment, with ſome plate that we found in the dock-yard, and which ſir Samuel Hood deſired ſhould be delivered up—it was chiefly ſilver chalices and ſome plate—you may judge of its value, when it took three ſerjeants to carry it. It was about ten o'clock at night when I went into Copenhagen with an eſcort from the Daniſh guard next our poſt—when I arrived at the governor's houſe, I was conducted by an aid-de-camp to him; I there found him ſurrounded with his ſuite. He politely enquired if I came from lord Cathcart—I told him I did not; we converſed for ſome time in German; he treated me rather civilly, and deſired me to take back the plate, and that next morning when our regiment was embarking, he would ſend for it, which he did.

A number of reports are in circulation in London relative to Louis XVIII. and his motive for coming to this country. What truth may be in them we cannot ſay; but of this we are ſure, that every preparation is making for his reception at Holyrood houſe.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

Archbiſhop Markham, who was always a prudent man, has died rich; he is ſaid to have bequeathed a property to the amount of more than 100,000l.

One of the new expeditions is ſuppoſed to be deſtined againſt the Mediterranean iſlands, which have been lately ceded by Ruſſia to France. The ſituation of the iſlands is ſuch, as to render their poſſeſſors very dangerous neighbours to the more expoſed parts of the Turkiſh empire, and more particularly to thoſe parts, in the ſecurity of which England has a moſt immediate intereſt. In poſſeſſion of the Seven Iſlands, France can at all times command the ſubmiſſion of Egypt and Syria. It is doubtleſs, therefore, of ſome importance to attempt to diſpoſſeſs them of this ſtation.

9.] General Whitelocke was yeſterday put under arreſt, preparatory to his trial, by a court martial. The charges will be preferred againſt him by ſir Samuel Achmuty—they amount to ſeventeen.

The count de Lille (his majeſty the French king) reſembles moſt ſtrikingly his unfortunate brother Louis XVI. and ſave that he is grown very large and corpulent, and that he is bald, particularly where it will be recollected he was marked by the aſſaſſin who fired at him, he is very little altered from what he appeared 20 years ago. He appeared greatly delighted with the reſidence of Goſfield, which preſented a very ſtriking contraſt to the bleakneſs of the country which he had quitted. He walks a great deal; but, from his ſize, has now left off riding. He is a profound ſcholar, and is proficient in many elegant accompliſhments. On his arrival in Gottenburgh, the magiſtracy of that town waited on him, and read an intereſting addreſs in Latin which had been previouſly prepared. He received them with great condeſcenſion, and immediately made an appropriate and extemporaneous reply in the ſame language, which was remarkable for its claſſical knowledge.

MADAME GRASSINI.—A letter in the Moniteur, from Semer, Cote d'Or, dated October 24, ſays, 'An event has happened in our neighbourhood, which, at the preſent moment, makes a great noiſe:—

'Madame Graſſini, the celebrated ſinger, was travelling poſt to Paris. On the 19th, at eleven o'clock at night, ſhe was attacked near Rouvrai, upon the borders of the departments of Yonne and Cote d'Or, by four men, armed with piſtols, who fired upon the poſtillions, but without wounding them. Madame Graſſini, her brother, and her maid, gave the brigands all that they had. They took ſixty louis, their watches, jewels, and clothes. Madame Graſſini continued her journey, and on her arrival at Avignon, ſhe gave information, and the brigades of the neighbourhood received notice of the robbery. On the night of the 21ſt, the four robbers were traced to a village of Vitteax, about ſeven leagues from Rouvrai, upon the Dijon road. They were ſurpriſed at an inn, where they were taking ſome refreſhment, by the gendarmerie, whom they reſiſted, each robber being armed with two piſtols. A battle enſued, in which two of the robbers were killed and the third taken, and the fourth made his eſcape. The priſoner confeſſed that they were Swiſs ſoldiers, deſerters, from

from Orleans. He confeſſed the robbery, and a great part of the property of madame Graſſini was found upon the two dead men. Eight piſtols were found upon the field of battle.'

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 28.

HIS grace the lord lieutenant and the duchess of Richmond set out on Wednesday last for Slane-castle. On their arrival they were received by lord and lady Conyngham with every mark of respect and politeness. The party invited to meet their graces, were, the earl and countess of Harrington, lady Anna Maria Stanhope, sir Edward and lady Elizabeth Littlehales, lord and lady Edward Somerset, sir A. and lady Wellesley, mr. and lady Florence Balfour.—The beauty of this noble residence, and the extreme attentions of lord and lady Conyngham, induced their graces to prolong their stay a day longer than they intended. On Sunday, after going to church, at Slane, they returned to the vice regal lodge.

The attention of the post-assembly, held in William-street last Monday, was very generally engaged in the discussion of a certain point, when a mr. Dooley had demanded his right of freedom to the corporation of shoemakers, but which had been rejected by mr. Willard by refusing his signatures, on the score of some informality in the application. Mr. Dooley's remonstrance to the corporation at large was successful, and he was universally admitted to his freedom; while the wardens of the corporation received a reprimand for their conduct from the lord mayor.

The question appears to have been of considerable importance in the support of those franchises which every man entitled to has a right to claim; and that the officers of corporations should acquaint themselves with the local duties officially imposed on them, it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of alderman Archer, that the proceedings of the day be minutely published in the different prints of the city.

At the late quarterly examination held in trinity college, Dublin, the following young gentlemen obtained certificates:

In science: mr Latouche, sen. Cumming, O'Brien, 2s. mr. Maziere, Owens, Morris, mr. Lendrick, Macan, Rutherfoord. In classics: mr Roberts, sen. Cumming, O'Brien, 2s. mr. Morton, Richmond, Robbinson, jun. mr. Burgh, Greene, sen. and Rutherfoord.

And the following young gentlemen obtained premiums:

In science: mr. Roberts, sen. Hudson sen. mr. Shiel, Hamilton, 2s. Dumoulin, mr. Lynch, Dalton, and Moriarty: and in classics: Courtney, Hudson, sen. Surridge, mr Maloney, St. Lawrence, jun. Morris, mr. Ram, Harte, and Mc. Clelland.—Foster and O'Connor, jun. obtained premiums for general good answering.—And Magin and Scott 4s. cut for premiums.

COMMISSION INTELLIGENCE.

Friday October 30.

The lord mayor, after the usual municipal procession, accompanied by the hon. baron Smith, and justice Osborne, opened the court; before whom the following grand jurors for the city and county of Dublin were sworn:

CITY GRAND JURY.

Richard Manders, jun. esq. foreman.

John Moore,	John Stanley,
George Connor,	Charles Lilly,
James King,	Jonathan Bagnell,
John Davis,	Edward Stephens,
Charles Pentland,	Ralph Shaw,
John Cossart,	Walter Locke,
George Carleton,	Thomas Jamesson.
James Hillis,	John Hone,
Daniel Kinahan,	John Ransford,
Thomas Hynes,	Robert Lyons,
William Porter,	Thomas Oxley, esqrs.

COUNTY GRAND JURY.

William Dick,	Robert Belwood,
Lundy Foot,	Maurice Hime,
William Sparrow,	Robert Walker,
Arthur Orde,	George Hall,
James Greenwood,	John Hutton,
Thos. M'Cready,	Thomas Segrave,
John Revett,	Michael Frayne,
John Madden,	Frederic Russell,
Arthur Clarke,	Thomas Smith,
John White,	William Wilkinson,
Richard Jackson,	James Jackson, esqrs.

Baron Smith, as senior judge, desired to have the different informations sent, to the respective grand juries without any further charge. Some arguments by the counsel, occurred in the case of Malone, charged with different frauds on the bank of Ireland. He was formally arraigned.

Certain culprits, whose indictments lay over since the last commission, were put to the bar, for immediate trial.

Patrick Collins stood severally indicted for having fraudently uttered forged and counterfeit notes, purporting to be of the bank of Ireland, and that of sir Thomas Leighton and co. On being arraigned, he pleaded guilty.

Mr. Guinness, as leading counsel for the crown admonished the prisoner strenuously, on the rash and precipitate plea he had put in,

in, perhaps ignorant that the charges againſt him were capital, and meant to affect his life—the priſoner ſtill perſiſted, when mr. M'Nally roſe, and ſtated that in point of law, the priſoner having previouſly pleaded not guilty, which plea ſtood on the records, he the priſoner could not controvert it. This legal point humanely ſuggeſted, had the intended impreſſion on the court, and the trial proceeded in the accuſtomed manner.

The firſt witneſs, mr. Keating, a fruiterer, in Sackville-ſtreet, ſaid, that about the 30th of January laſt, the priſoner came into his ſhop and bargained for ſome fruit, tendered in a payment a note for 10l. of the bank of Shaw and co. which he endorſed with the name of Thompſon, prefixing thereto to the word lieut. The other two notes were proved to have been fraudently tendered with falſe indorſements, by two reſpectable traders, one a maker of umbrellas, the other a chandler. A perſon of the name of Chancellor, proved that in the act of exploring the priſoner's lodgings, he diſcovered ſeveral notes to a large amount, with dollars.

Mr. Adams, in the defence, conceived there exiſted a material variance between the indictment, and the words, on one of the notes, a variance which he humbly conceived would prove fatal.—It regarded certain abbreviations in the indictment which did not accord with the words from which they are preſumed to have been copied—he quoted a caſe which occurred within his knowledge at the Old Bailey, to ſupport his arguments, but it was not a caſe reported in any of the books, and as ſuch could not, according to the uſage of the court, have been received as authority.

Mr. M'Nally cited a caſe from the books, wherein judge Oſborne admitted in the year 1807, that a variance was fatal where a kind of miſnomer appeared on the face of the indictment.

Mr. Adams relied with confidence upon the objection he had made, which, with great reſpect to the court, he ſaid muſt be a fatality in the indictment; inaſmuch as the bank note in queſtion, as ſpread upon the record, repreſented the ſigning clerk's chriſtian name to be that of Thomas, contracted by the letters Thos. whereas the ſignature to the note itſelf was only Tho. which might mean and ſtand for any other perſon, and for any other chriſtian names, as Thoroughgood, Thompſon, Thomaſine, Thornton, and many ſuch like.

Baron Smith ſaid he would ſave the point, and he read to mr. Adams from his notes the manner he had taken it down; his lordſhip then told to the jury he did not think it neceſſary to recapitulate the evidence to them, as if they believed the witneſs, they were bound to find him guilty, which they accordingly did; the point made by mr. Adams will therefore be decided by the twelve judges, and if allowed, will of courſe ſave the priſoner's life.

A perſon of the name of Sexton, and his bail for proſecuting mr. Nicholſon of Moor-ſtreet, for having in January laſt ſhot at the ſaid Sexton, were ſeverally called to come forth and proſecute, when in conſequence of their not appearing, mr. Nicholſon was acquitted, to the entire ſatisfaction of a crowded court, and immediately diſcharged.

After ſome trivial matter, the court adjourned till Saturday.

SATURDAY, OCT. 31.

Mrs. Keogh of the Ulſter hotel, was capitally indicted on a charge of robbing mr. Medlicott, a blind and aged gentleman, who lodged at her houſe, of bank notes to the amount of 1140l. and upwards. The circumſtances of this caſe were rather of a novel and ſingular deſcription:—Mr. Medlicott, who is a country gentleman, had been in town on the day ſtated in the indictment, and had drawn from the bank the ſum already mentioned, in bank notes, moſt of which were for a large amount (as advertiſed)——It appeared upon evidence, that the perſon attending mr. Medlicott had locked his door, and had taken charge of the key; that after his maſter had retired, he was treated with wine and water by the hoſteſs. Next day the notes were gone, and the priſoner at the bar was proved to have attempted negociating one of them of 40l. at a ſilverſmith's in Skinner-row. The note was proved by an officer of the bank. By the humane and admirable ſpirit of our criminal code, there being no direct evidence to convict, the woman was acquitted.

Thomas Grogan ſtood indicted for the highway robbery of mr. George Butler, in lower Gardiner-ſtreet, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock at night, in the month of January laſt: the principal witneſſes againſt the priſoner were, mr. George Butler, who had been robbed, and who proved a gold ſeal and key, found upon the priſoner, to be his property, mr. Peter Toole, a peace conſtable of this city, and Wm. Hall, a clerk in the ſuperintendant magiſtrate's office; they were ſeverally croſs-examined by mr. M'Nally and mr. Adams; and after a charge from the learned judge, the jury found the priſoner *not guilty*—this was the fourth time Grogan had been acquitted upon capital indictments; he was ordered to be detained until

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he gave ſecurity for his future good behaviour.

Michael Rice was indicted for conſpiring to counterfeit and endeavouring to put off the notes of the governor and company of the bank of Ireland, &c. the indictment was of rather a novel nature, and began by reciting the powers veſted by law in the governor and company of the bank of Ireland.

Hugh M'Keon and Morris Smith, were indicted for uttering, as genuine, a bank note for three guineas, purporting to be of the governors and company of the bank of Ireland, well knowing the ſame to be forged and counterfeit, on the 8th of June laſt.

The principal witneſs was Peter Toole, the peace conſtable, who, upon his croſs-examination, failed in his teſtimony, and a witneſs of the name of Gannon, not coming forward to ſupport him, the priſoners were *acquitted*.

Mr. Greene ſaid he found it neceſſary in the preſent inſtance to ſtate the caſe to the court and jury, which he did, and then called Peter Toole, the peace conſtable to make out the ſtatement, by having found upon the perſon of the priſoner, a conſiderable number of ſkeleton or unfiniſhed notes of the bank of Ireland.

Mr. Adams croſs-examined this witneſs, after which the learned judge (Oſborne) who tried the cauſe, was of opinion with the priſoner's counſel, that there was no evidence to ſupport the charge of a conſpiracy, and under the learned judge's direction, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Bridget Flood was indicted for uttering a forged bank note for one pound, knowing it to have been forged and counterfeit. Acquitted.

Matthew Flanagan, for uttering a forged bank note of Beresford and co. to Michael Delaney, of High-ſtreet, was alſo acquitted.

Patrick M'Evat, for a ſtealing a hogſhead of tobacco from the cuſtom-houſe quay, was acquitted.

Henry Malone was arraigned to plead to an indictment found againſt him at the proſecution of the bank of Ireland for embezzling two notes for 500l. each on the 15th of July laſt, and alſo for embezzling ſix notes for 500l. each on the 24th of July laſt.

After the indictment had been read by the clerk of the crown, and the priſoner was aſked whether he was guilty or not—mr. Ridgeway for the priſoner, requeſted the indulgence of the court, that he might have until the following morning to be adviſed as to the nature of his plea, it was the opinion of his counſel that it would be proper to plead ſpecially; the court relying on the ſuggeſtion of the counſel, allowed the priſoner until the following morning.

On Saturday, the priſoner being put to the bar, mr Burton on his behalf mentioned, that it was the intention to have taken an objection to the proceedings in as much as the grand jury by whom the bills were found, had been returned by the officer, the under ſheriff, who was agent to the bank of Ireland. However, on conſultation, though there was no doubt but the objection would hold good; yet the priſoner had been adviſed to plead generally.—Accordingly he pleaded—*not guilty*.

He was then arraigned upon a ſecond indictment, containing twenty counts, laying the offence in a variety of ways, and of general embezzlement of money to the amount of 5000l. and upwards, to which he alſo pleaded—*not guilty*.

Wednesday, November 4.

John Daragh and John Gahan, ſtood charged on four capital indictments, for having feloniouſly aſſaulted the houſe of Iſabella White, and of robbing her of bank notes. The whole crime, though ſubjected to the neceſſary forms of criminal law, was reduced to that ſingle point through the proof of the lady, whoſe clearneſs in the courſe of her evidence attracted much notice; ſhe is the wife of Mr. White, a barriſter, who has a country reſidence near Balentyre, in the county of Dublin. This gentleman, according to mr. White's teſtimony, was abſent in the county Cork, on the night of the 14th of October laſt, when the alledged robbery was committed.—It was about the hour of two o'clock—the witneſs being out of bed and dreſſed—when ſhe was alarmed by a pull at the bell at her hall door:—ſhe went and opened a window under which ſhe ſaw the priſoner Daragh, whom ſhe recognized as the ſervant of a neighbouring friend, and had ſeen him within twelve days—the friend, mrs. Rivers, who lives at Balentyre, and ſhe, having a mutual intercourſe of great intimacy, which led them to an occaſional interchange of workmen when neceſſity required, had a perfect recollection of the than this opportunity, and looking out from the window, which commanded a direct view of the oppoſite mountains, a conſpicuous ſide proſpect of mrs. Rivers's houſe, ſhe not only perceived Daragh at the door but the priſoner Gahan through a ſhrubbery, and approaching the houſe, near a wall, preſenting ſomething at her—what it was ſhe could not tell; ſhe accoſted Daragh, calling him by his chriſtian name, and aſkin- him what he wanted. He replied, withog heſitation, all the caſh ſhe had in the houut and Gahan ſaid ſhe ſhould alſo deliver the

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guns. She obſerved, that ſhe had no guns in the houſe;—that ſhe had a trifling ſum which ſhe would deliver to them on condition of their retiring, and give her no farther cauſe of alarm. This circumſtance occurred after ſhe had retired to her bed chamber, and rung the alarm bell under ſome agitation of mind bordering on a temporary ſuſpenſion of the powers of thinking. She however, ſhortly recovered herſelf, and taking from a book two bank notes of five pounds each, went to the former window, entreated the priſoners, each of whom ſhe identified, as they were men and fathers of children, to give no further alarm to her family. The priſoners ſeemed to conſult, and at length acceded to her offer—ſhe in conſequence threw down the two notes, which ſhe perceived them to pick up, and look at by the reflection of the moon, to aſcertain their value. They ſeemed ſatisfied with the ſum, but wanted ſome ſpirits, which ſhe did not give them, alledging ſhe had none. They however went off, and after affecting to make ſome conditions for a third perſon, of the name of Dancer, whom they ſhould be obliged to ſatisfy with a proportion of what they received. She did not hear any ſhots fired, but when it became light and advanced in the morning, ſhe perceived a lower window ſhattered, and ſome pieces of lead and pewter extracted from the window-ſhutters. From this circumſtance, ſhe merely inferred that a ſhot or ſhots had been fired, as nothing of this nature had appeared the preceding night. This lady's teſtimony was corroborated by ſtrong circumſtantial evidence of three female ſervants of mrs. Rivers, who depoſed that they knew the priſoner Daragh, two of whom were acquainted with him for four years, as their fellow-ſervant, and conſidered him as a perſon whoſe character was wholly unimpeached, as to honeſty. Saw the priſoner the morning following the alledged robbery, ſtretched partly in his clothes on his bed, his ſtockings dirty, about two or three hours later than his accuſtomed hour of riſing. One of them diſcovered a white neck-cloth on a table in the kitchen with a ſpot of blood on it. Suſpecting it might have belonged to the priſoner for whom ſhe had a regard, ſhe waſhed it out, and recognized it to be that which was marked by one of the gentlemen who afterwards came to the houſe, meaning alderman Hone. She was repeatedly interrogated on this point by two or three of the jury, and uniformly made the ſame reply.

Judge Oſborne recapitulated the evidence with obſervations which tended to exhibit his feelings towards the unfortunate priſoners in a very conſpicuous degree. He moſt ſtrenuouſly recommended to the jury not to give too much weight to the circumſtance of the neck-cloth, or the ſuſpicion which ſeemed to attach to her the witneſſes mind, that it belonged to the priſoner, which ſuſpicion combined with the regard ſhe profeſſed for him, induced her to waſh out the ſtain of blood.

This vague opinion of the woman ought not to make the ſlighteſt impreſſion on the minds of the jury, for this reaſon, that it was delivered precipitately by the witneſs, and would not be received in reply to any direct queſtion, becauſe ſuch queſtion would not be permitted by the court, and conſequently not allowed by law.

Baron Smith offered an additional obſervation which was that mrs. White had aſſerted the priſoners were obliged by moon light moſt cloſely to inſpect the notes which ſhe ſent to them; and further to ſupport a poſſibility that with a faint light ſhe might be deceived as to the identity of the priſoners; ſhe could not diſcern what it was the priſoner Gahan had preſented.

The jury retired, and after ſome ſhort time returned a verdict of guilty on two of the capital indictments againſt both priſoners.

John Kennedy was put to the bar for the wilful murder of his wife Catherine Kennedy, on the 28th day of April laſt.

Chriſtopher Healy, one of the witneſſes bound in recognizance to proſecute, was called on a forfeiture, but did not appear.

Margaret Dunn, after much ſwooning and crying, gave according to a ſubſequent remark of baron Smith, moſt reluctant evidence againſt the priſoner, with a ſweeping alacrity of reply in the croſs examination, to any queſtion which ſhe conceived might exculpate him.

The ſubſtance of her teſtimony was, that on the evening of the 28th of April, the priſoner at the bar, came drunk on horſeback to his houſe at Grange Gorman-lane—that he led his horſe through the hall door to the back one—that ſhe came out from the parlour where ſhe had been attending dinner with her miſtreſs, the deceaſed—the huſband was much exaſperated with the deceaſed, calling her with much acrimony of abuſe an w—e, the cauſe of this the witneſs attributed to ſome ſuſpicion of his wife's infidelity, ariſing at that time, from the circumſtance of Chriſtopher Healy having retired with her in converſation to the back door—on aſking the witneſs what cauſed them to be ſo privately in cloſe converſation, ſhe replied that it was merely to read a letter which mrs. Kennedy had received

ceived from her ſon—ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, and entreated he would put ſuch thoughts (ſeeming jealous ones) out of his head—ſhe with much apparent reluctance acknowledged that the priſoner beat his wife with a whip—that ſhe ſaw on her face and ſhoulders marks of violence—that in the extremity of the rage which the priſoner was in, he called all the inmates of the houſe a parcel of rogues, and deſired to have his children ſent for with a view to detach himſelf and them from his family for ever as ſhe ſuppoſed—witneſs in the examinations to which ſhe ſwore before mr. Bell, ſuppreſſed a ſtrict account of the quantity of ſtrong liquor which ſhe brought in the courſe of the day for the conſumption of her miſtreſs, ſhe herſelf took large libations, which created a little ſtupefaction, which prevented her from recollecting particularly all that had occurred.

The deceaſed was violently intoxicated, ſhe received a cut in the head, and leaned on the boſom of a mrs. Mailey, when her huſband the priſoner at the bar ſeeming to regret the harſhneſs of his treatment to her, ordered an apothecary to be ſent for to have her bleeded, witneſs told him it was too late, as ſhe was dying. Her prediction was verified in a few hours after.

Croſs-examined by mr. Egan.

Witneſs declared that the deceaſed was ſo decidedly a ſlave to the uſe of ardent ſpirits for ſeveral years ſince her marriage, about twelve years ago, that ſhe frequently was brought out of the public ſtreets perfectly helpleſs by ſome humane neighbours; ſhe was violently attacked at times with convulſive fits, originating as ſhe was informed from the inordinate uſe of ſtrong liquors. Deceaſed received the cut in her head, which was the imputed cauſe of her death ſeveral days before. Witneſs herſelf not only dreſſed it, but the priſoner at the bar done ſimilar acts of kindneſs to her: he was to her knowledge habitually a moſt affectionate and indulgent huſband, notwithſtanding the repeated inſtances of his unfortunate wife's incorrigible depravity to ſuch an height, as frequently to induce her to ſell and pawn the proviſions of her family, tea and ſugar included. The whip produced to her, as that which the priſoner had exerciſed on the deceaſed, ſhe ſeemed confidently to have recognized, notwithſtanding the ſtupefaction ſhe acknowledged herſelf to be in during the tragic events of that day. The whip was of a light make, without a head, evidently not a murdering weapon, or one which could be ſelected for ſuch purpoſe.

Mr. Roney, jun. a ſurgeon, who had examined the wound alluded to on the day after the unfortunate woman had expired, conceived it to have been inflicted by ſome blunt inſtrument—he imagined that it might have cauſed her death by an extraordinary effuſion of blood—was not certain it was the ſole cauſe of her diſſolution—he was called upon a ſecond time reſpecting an opinion on the teſtimony of Margaret Dunn—he conceived the wound a recent one, but conceived it poſſible that it might have been inflicted ſeveral days before, and remained liable to irritation from two concurring cauſes, one from the habit of drinking ſpirits, and next from a poſſible ſtroke or contuſion by the whip.—He thought it poſſible the firſt or ſecond joint of the whip might inflict the wound. He perceived ſeveral marks on the neck and ſhoulders of the deceaſed.

Baron Smith took a moſt ample review of the evidence illuſtrating the law on homicide under its various conſtructions. He exculpated the priſoner under all the points and bearings of the evidence from any ſuch intention as the law could interpret into murder; but was decidedly of opinion, that he was liable to a verdict of manſlaughter, being one which had no room for him to eſcape.

His lordſhip could perceive, through the circumſtance which the witneſs Dunn related of the private interview between the deceaſed and Chriſtopher Healy under the pretext of reading a letter, that the priſoner at the bar conceived it one which did not require much ſecrecy, and had probably been actuated by ſome ſtart of jealouſy. His lordſhip was the moſt fortified in his opinion from the epithet w——e, which he uſed in the opprobrious language addreſſed to her. Taking it for granted, however, that he was influenced by this unhappy propenſity to its utmoſt or moſt violent extent, there was nothing in his conduct which could poſſibly induce the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion, or that his attack on her was premeditated, or that his intention amounted to any thing reſembling a wiſh for her diſſolution.

His habitual kind treatment of the deceaſed for ſo many years, notwithſtanding her unhappy propenſities, and the quick return of his affections, when he perceived the unfortunate condition to which he had reduced her, were the ſtrongeſt proof that murder was neither in his heart nor intentions; however, with all the extenuating circumſtances of his caſe, under the extremity of the charge againſt the priſoner, he could not conceive any incident capable of exculpating him from what the law, under the mild principles by which it is governed, terms manſlaughter; it is liable to a ſpecies of puniſhment perhaps not exactly commen-

ſurate to the injuries reſulting from it, but in the gradation of crimes conſiderably under that ſpecies of homicide denominated murder.

The jury, without retiring, and with little deliberation, returned a verdict generally—*not guilty*.

This verdict ſeemed to have collected thoſe brilliant powers of elocution, for which the learned baron is ſo remarkable, to a new and if poſſible more luminous focus—one which we cannot pretend to exhibit by reflection to our readers, without throwing an almoſt impenetrable cloud over its luſtre, particularly when we are compelled by imperious circumſtances moſt reluctantly to contract it to an almoſt imperceptible point.

His lordſhip expreſſed himſelf not a little ſurpriſed at this verdict, after the pains he felt incumbent on him to take to exhibit to the conſideration of the jury, all thoſe points of diſtinction which the humanity of the laws give ſanction to, and from which he hoped no one ſentiment or feeling he could entertain, ſhould ever induce him to deviate. In all caſes of homicide, the firſt preſumption is that of murder.—He endeavoured to ſtrike out thoſe diſtinctions which rendered the caſe of the priſoner in every circumſtance, as he conſidered more favourable, when perhaps he might with perfect ſafety to his conſcience, have gone farther to expatiate on the very queſtionable ſhape in which the evidence of Dunn appeared not only to him, but as he believed to every unbiaſſed perſon who heard it. The verdict of a jury, however he ſhould always reſpect, conſidering the conſtitutional rank which they hold, and they muſt always be ſuppoſed to act ſimply according to the preciſe dictates of their conſcience.—He, however, in caſe he ſhould obtain the concurrence of his brother judge, would be much inclined, conformable to an impulſe of duty to order them to reconſider their verdict, but that he derived perfect conſolation from conſidering that in putting the different incidents which he had urged to the jury in a candid point of view.—If they had returned a verdict of manſlaughter, as he then conceived, and ſtill conceives, they ought to have done, care ſhould have been taken that ſuch puniſhment ſhould enſue, as would appear to deter others from too great latitude in the indulgence of their paſſions. Both judges conferred ſome ſhort time, when baron Smith obſerved that he was not previouſly aware that another charge lay againſt the priſoner. This it was conjectured to have been an appeal by the next of kin, for which he is liable to new trial, but admiſſible to bail. The priſoner ſurrendered himſelf for trial 14 days previous to the commiſſion, and obtained from his landlord, a mr. Finlay, who is acquainted with him theſe ten years, a good moral character in general, being alſo a well-tempered and humane man.

John Mac Sally, late keeper of Kilmainham gaol, was put to the bar, charged capitally, that he ſuffered two priſoners, confined in Kilmainham gaol, to effect their eſcape from that priſon. The perſons ſo eſcaping, were one of them, viz. Barnes under a rule of tranſportation, and the other, Newton, had been apprehended and lodged in the ſaid gaol, on a charge of endeavouring to circulate forged notes, purporting to be of the bank of England—It would be tedious to detail the dull ſeries of evidence that was produced in ſubſtantiation of and againſt the charge laid in the indictment. After a patient hearing, and an appropriate addreſs to the jury, by mr. juſtice Oſborne, they acquitted him without leaving the box.

Wm. Farrel was capitally indicted for a highway robbery near the two mile-ſtone, on the north road.

Campbell, a carrier, proved that he was entruſted by mr. Gibbons, the grocer, with three cheſts of tea, which were conſigned to Margaret Fitzpatrick—that about ten o'clock at night, he was met by a party of men who robbed the cars, and having effected that object, two of them accompanied him for ſome time on the way, and gave him a ſix ſhilling token to bear his expences. He detailed the circumſtances of the robbery pretty much at large; but as they are neither very novel, nor poſſeſſed of any intereſt, we paſs them over. He failed in identifying the priſoner at the bar.

John Murphy, the approver, who had given the evidence againſt the murderers of the rev. mr. Mac Carthan, by which they were hanged, proved that he belonged to a gang of which the priſoner at the bar was one, and that they did on the night, particularly ſpecified in the indictment, in the company of others, rob on the highway, the ſaid carrier, Campbell, of three cheſts of tea. He was croſs-examined by mr. M'Nally, and allowed that he had been twice before in that court, upon two diſtinct charges of forgery—of both of which he was *honourably* acquitted. That he belonged to the gang by which mr. Mac Carthan was murdered—that he became approver againſt his aſſociates, from a ſenſe of the duty he owed to his country and to himſelf, from a love of public juſtice, and a partiality he entertains for life—that major Sirr uſed neither threats or promiſes to him on becoming king's evi-

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dence, and that he was merely influenced to adopt the line of conduct he had ſince purſued, by the pureſt motives.

Mr. Nugent, the late ſheriff, who ſeemed to carry on this proſecution, W. Mc Doual, Rob. Quin, and other witneſſes, proved the fact of finding the tea, and apprehending the priſoner, &c.

Baron Smith, in an excellent charge, obſerved, that the only evidence that had been adduced as to the identity of the priſoner, was a very ſuſpicious witneſs, viz. an approver: that it was true by recent practice, ſuch evidence was deemed fully adequate, but he would venture to ſay, that if it was not ſtrongly corroborated by other facts no jury could be juſtified in finding a man guilty upon ſuch teſtimony. He wiſhed alſo to warn the jury, againſt confounding the evidence of the robbery with that of the identification of the priſoner at the bar. This he thought the more neceſſary, as he obſerved ſuch a diſpoſition beginning very generally to prevail among juries. In the caſe before them, for inſtance, the fact of the robbery was moſt ſtrongly and unequivocally proved, that the tea was ſtolen was beyond a queſtion—but it was a queſtion ſtill whether the priſoner at the bar was guilty of the robbery. If the jury believed the teſtimony of Murphy, they would of courſe find a verdict of guilty.—If on the contrary they ſhould be of opinion that his evidence was not ſufficiently corroborated by that of the other witneſſes, they would bring a verdict of acquittal.—*Not Guilty.*

BIRTHS.

AT Daiſey-hill, the lady of Marcus Langford M'Cauſland, eſq. of a daughter—In Galway, the lady of major Wm. Skerrett, of a daughter—At her father's houſe in Middle Gardiner-ſtr. the lady of P. Green, of Green-abbey, county Tipperary, of a ſon and heir.—At Waterstown, in the co. Weſtmeath, the lady of Robert Auguſtus Kinſton, eſq. of a daughter—At Portglenone, the lady of the lord biſhop of Down and Connor, of a ſon—In the Tontine Buildings, the lady of John Tuthill, eſq. of a ſon—At Caſtle-Ivy, the lady of the rev. Thomas How, of a daughter—At Lock-quay, the lady of H. Ruſſell, eſq. of a daughter—In Sackville-ſtreet, the lady of John Staunton Rochfort, eſq. of a ſon and heir—At Cheltenham, mrs. Kent, of a daughter—The lady of the rev. mr. Reade, of Stillorgan-park, co. Dublin, of a ſon—At Laidſton, co Weſtmeath, mrs. Ahmuty, wife of the rev. Sam. Ahmuty, of Ballymuloy, of a daughter—At Tuam in the co. of Galway, the right hon. lady Matilda Bourke, of a ſon—At Prehen, co. Londonderry, the lady of lieutenant-colonel Knox, Donegal militia, of a daughter—At Marlfield, co. Tipperary, mrs. Kelly, lady of John Kelly, jun. eſq. of a daughter—At his ſeat, Silverhills, co. Limerick, the lady of Charles Rolleſton, eſq. of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

MR. J. Field, merchant, of Britain-ſtreet, to miſs Catharine Conolly, of Galway—By the rev. Edward Lloyd, at Abington-church, Peter Smithwick, of Barnlough, co. Tipperary, to miſs Smithwick, eldeſt daughter of Robert Smithwick, of Wilton, co. Limerick, eſq.—Dudley Huſſey Hughes, eſq. of the Black-rock, to miſs Helena Watſon, of Bride-ſtreet—At Rathangan, co. Kildare, Wm. Evans, eſq. to mrs. Grattan—At Clontarf, John Overand, eſq. major of the 7th regiment of native cavalry, Madras eſtabliſhment, to miſs S. M. Greer, daughter of John Greer, eſq. co. Armagh—Mr. William Fitzpatrick of Pill-lane, to the agreeable miſs Gowran, of ſaid place—At Whitepoint, in the county of Cork, H. O'Brien, eſq. of Bromley, to miſs Roche, daughter of J. Roche, of Cove, eſq.—At Ballinacourty, G. Lonergan, eſq. M. D. of Dungarvan, to miſs Lonergan—Captain Ryder, of the Kildare militia, to miſs Dickſon, daughter of William Dickſon, eſq. Ballimena—Mr. James Quintin, of Enniſkillen, to miſs Jane Gamble, of Ballaghmore, county Fermanagh—At the cathedral of Waterford, by the rev. Henry Archdall, Thomas Walſh, eſq. of Woodſtock, co. Waterford, to miſs Jane Henrietta Greene, daughter of John Greene, eſq. of Dungarvan—Mr. Edward Guy, of Naſſau-ſtreet, to miſs Sarah Simpſon, of Grafton-ſtreet—George Watters, eſq. of this city, to the moſt agree-

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able and accomplished miss Leech, daughter of George Leech, esq. of the city of Kilkenny—Mr George Hare, to miss Palmer, both of Larne —In London, mr. Hughes, of Finsbury-square, to miss Bish, of Corn-hill—At Corleston, lieut. Bray, of the royal navy, to miss Tyler, only daughter of mr. Tyler, of Southtown-cottage—In Dublin, Stuart Campbell, esq. captain in his majesty's 42d or royal highland regiment, to the amiable mrs. Douglas, relict of Adam Douglas, esq. and dauhgter of the late James Nash, esq. of Parteen.

DEATHS.

MR. B HERBERT, of Ship-street, grocer—At Waterford, mr. William M'Gill, attorney—At Maryport, aged 63, mr. John Wilson, shoe-maker—James M'Vickar, esq. of Belfast, aged 78—Mr. Wm. Rath, harbour master of Wexford—At Gort, in the county of Galway, mrs. Joyce, wife of captain William Joyce, of his majesty's 5th dragoon guards—At Strabane, miss Agnes Hamilton, at the advanced age of 92.—In Williamstown, mrs. Miller, wife of mr. Joseph Miller, cabinet-maker——At Highbury-place, Islington, mr. Abraham Newland, who lately resigned his situation as cashier of the Bank of England, after holding it with the highest credit or of 60 years.—William Maxwell, esq. major of the Donegall regiment of militia, eldest son of Richard Maxwell, of Bird's town, esq.—In Cork, in the 90th year of his age, Croker Barrington, esq.—Mr. George Challoner, of Clonmell, land-surveyor —In Killarney, mrs. Russell, wife of Francis Russell, esq —At Cork, mrs. Keary, relict of Thomas Keary, esq. —In Dundrum, where he went for the recovery of his health, mr. Francis Burgess, formerly a resident of Drogheda—Stephen Holland, of Carryreagh, esq —At Dramara, near Dromore, at the advanced age of 105, mrs. Martha Adams—In Meath-street, mrs. Donnelly, formerly of Naas —In Athlone, mr. Richard Garret—In Fownes's-street, mr. T. Beaumont, late proprietor of the Roscius tavern—In Charlemont-street, Thomas Danby, esq. late of the barony of Forth, co. Wexford—At Cork, mrs. Travers, relict of the late Boyle Travers, esq. of Belvidere—In the prime of life, most sincerely regretted, at Dardistown castle, county Meath, mrs. Smith, daughter of Henry Osborne, esq. and wife of Henry Smith, jun. esq.—At Thomond-gate, after a few days illness, miss Elizabeth Ann Houston, aged 19 years—A few days ago, the wife of the rev. Robt. Armstrong, of Clonalty, county of Tipperary—Mr. Ulick Burke, of Grovehill, near Bray—On Wednesday evening last, in Lady's-lane, Michael Rivers, esq.—At Pleasant View, near this city, on Tuesday 3d inst. in the 86th year of her age, mrs. Duquery, mother of the late Henry Duquery, one of his majesty's counsel at law, and sister to the late right hon. John Hely Hutchinson, his majesty's secretary of state for this kingdom, and provost of Trinity college——In Queen Anne street, London, R. Hussey, esq. only brother of the late earl Beaulieu, K. G. by the death of this gentleman an estate in Ireland, of 14,000l. per ann. devolves on lord Sydney Godolphin, a minor, brother to the duke of Leeds; this valuable estate was contested in chancery for many years by the late mr. Hussey: the mansion-house in Dover-street, and the rich and valuable gold and silver services of plate, lord Sydney, was suffered to possess without any legal investigation—At Birr, King's county, Thomas Woods, esq. he had served his king and country during the American war, in the 49th regiment, with the rank of captain——On the Black Rock road, near Cork, mr. Robert Woods, hatter—At Cork, mrs. Creagh, relict of Barth. Creagh, esq.——In Grange-lane, Mr. Henry Veiteh, aged 27.——At Rathmoney, near Wexford, mrs. Carty.

Lady Craven
late Miss Louisa Brunton